Genl O M Poe

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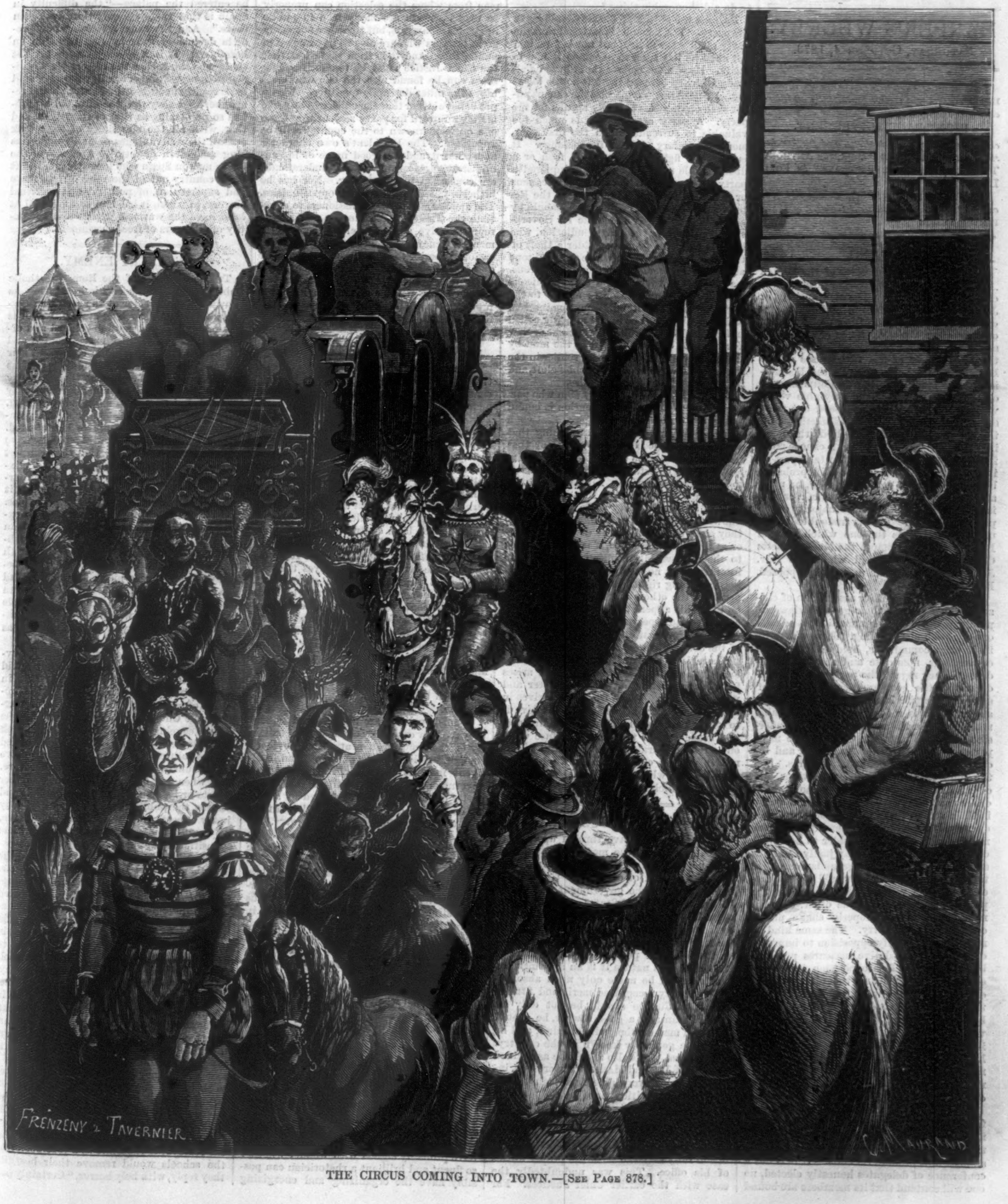

THE CIRCUS COMING INTO TOWN.—[See Page 878.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873.

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BOLTING.

IN the year 1803 a Senator of the United States to succeed Governor MORRIS was elected in this State. The Republicans, or Jeffersonians, were in power, and held a caucus which nominated Mr. JOHN WOODWORTH, of Rensselaer County. Some of the Jeffersonians, however, were dissatisfied, and upon the joint ballot of the two houses of the Legislature they united with the Federalists, and elected General THEODORUS BAILEY, of Dutchess, who received fifty-nine votes, while Mr. WOODWORTH obtained but fifty-seven. There was great dissatisfaction with the action of those who "bolted" the nomination. It was declared that a caucus nomination binds in honor all who take part in it; that if the caucus action will probably be such as a man can not sustain, he must stay away; that the very object of a caucus is to allow the opinion of the majority of the party to prevail. This is undoubtedly the usual view. It is the one which General BUTLER tried to compel the Massachusetts Convention to take, and which the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE sturdily opposed. Is it correct?

A party is a voluntary association of citizens who agree in their general views of public policy. Its organization is wholly one of good understanding. Those who unite in it elect committees, hold caucuses and conventions, nominate and support candidates. They regard the party with its conditions as the best practicable method of securing the political measures which they approve. It is a convenient and valuable machine. For the common good it is understood that the members will sacrifice mere personal preferences in candidates, and indifferent and minor points in measures. But the limit of such sacrifice is obvious. It does not include their action as moral, honorable, and self-respecting men. The party is their servant, not their master. Consequently, if a candidate is nominated whom members of the party consider to be a bad or dangerous man, they may justly refuse to support him upon two grounds: one, that the election of such a man would both threaten the public welfare and demoralize the public conscience; and the other, that his nomination would properly shake public confidence in the party. The same kind of reason would justify opposition to improper or dishonest legislative measures proposed by the party. This opposition is the unquestionable right and the plain duty of every honorable supporter of the party. Are that right and that duty different if he has been a member of the party caucus or convention which proposed the measure or nominated the candidate? Why should he be honorably "bound" in the latter case to maintain an action which in the former he is morally and therefore honorably bound to oppose?

A caucus or a convention is merely a conference of delegates of the party to determine how the organization may at the particular time and under the existing circumstances best procure its ends. If it is not a conference of delegates honestly elected, no one will contend that its members are bound to respect its action. If it be honestly elected, no delegate ought to decline to attend merely because he fears or suspects that its action will be pernicious. It is his plain duty to spare no effort to influence wisely the action of the party. He can not rightfully surrender his opportunity to prevent an enormous and fatal party blunder. If he knows that his legislative party caucus will possibly or probably propose a huge theft upon the public treasury, let him, as a party man as well as an honest man, warn his associates that neither he nor any other member of the party can honorably support it. If his party convention is in danger of nominating candidates who can neither be respected nor trusted, let him in the name of decency and of the party do what he can to prevent that result in the convention; and should he fail there, let him openly vote against them. The convention considers what the party ought to do. If it decides that the party should do what any delegate believes to be wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable thing?

No, says the objector; but he should leave the party. Yes, when he is satisfied that the party ratifies the action, but not before, and not until he has tried to persuade it not to ratify. He will not believe the ship to be already wrecked because there is a gale blowing. He need not assume that the caucus under such circumstances really speaks for the party. A party organization is much too valuable to surrender upon the first summons of a salary grabber, for instance. It is worth a fight. A dangerous man or a dishonorable measure has not conquered a party because it has captured a caucus or a convention or a Congress. If the Republican Convention of New York should by a majority vote ever nominate for Governor a man who advocated repudiation, who had led what the people consider a theft of the public money, whose whole political tone and character were debasing and dangerous, we trust that there would be Republicans enough in the convention to appeal to the party by another Republican nomination, and who would not be afraid of being called traitors. If the Republican oriflamme of New York should ever be trailed in the mud by those who carry it, some better soldier in the ranks would wave his handkerchief aloft, and rally his comrades from the mire.

The theory that every party man who participates in a caucus or convention is bound to support its action presupposes that such an assembly will never do any thing that ought to be opposed by the party, or that may not decently be supported by it. Unless that can be established, it is impossible to prove the obligation. All that can fairly be claimed or expected is that when members of the same party unite in a caucus, knowing themselves to be honestly present, they shall be bound by the decision, whether as to men or measures, if it does not seem to them necessarily injurious to the public interest. But no member has lost the privilege of doing right because he has tried to persuade the others not to do wrong. And he takes his appeal to the party, leaving it only when he is persuaded that it has ceased to be the organization by which the welfare of the country is best to be served.

There is a time in the history of every long-dominant party when a contest arises for the ascendency between its better and worse elements. When that time arrives in the Republican ranks, let us who believe it to be the party of the industry, intelligence, and conscience of the country refuse without a resolute struggle at every point to surrender it to a control which would drive from it those who sincerely hold the principles upon which it was founded.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

CIRCUMSTANCES have thrown upon General GRANT one of the most important and infrequent duties of his office, the nomination of the head of one of the three great departments of the government, the Chief Justice of the United States. The decorous attitude of the press upon this subject has been remarked. It is due in large part to the knowledge that the office can not safely be treated as a political position merely, and that in its nature it is an appointment which should be made only upon absolute and generally recognized merit and fitness. The Chief Justice should be not only an upright man and a good lawyer, he should be also a man of the judicial mind, and he should be generally known to the country. His political views also should be as decided as those of JAY and MARSHALL were—as, indeed, those of every able American who is fitted for the position must be.

It is, of course, a natural and just expectation that the man who is raised to so great and permanent a place in the government will find all his powers engaged and his ambition fully satisfied with the proper duties of his office. This was undoubtedly the case with the earlier Chief Justices. For although MARSHALL had been Secretary of State and a party leader, political regrets and aspirations perished as he seated himself upon the bench; and although JAY, while still Chief Justice, was sent by WASHINGTON to negotiate a treaty with England, and left the head of the judiciary of the United States to become Governor of New York, there was no suspicion that he had sought the office, or that he assumed it except for the most patriotic reasons. The two later Chief Justices, TANEY and CHASE, were undoubtedly appointed, the former by JACKSON, and the latter by LINCOLN, for political considerations. TANEY certainly had not forgotten politics in his DRED SCOTT *obiter dicta;* and CHASE was notoriously consumed with hopes of the Presidency.

There is no reason to doubt that the President is fully aware of the gravity of his responsibility in making the appointment, and that he will seek to nominate a Chief Justice who will seem to the country worthy of the position. There are, indeed, very few men from whom the selection can properly be made. There are many men in public life who are lawyers, but there are not many great lawyers who are also widely known in public life. And it is from these last that the Chief Justice must be taken, if among them can be found also the one who combines the other desirable qualities. We do not believe either that the office will be made merely a reward for party zeal, or that some one quite unknown to the country will be appointed. The President's own character and renown, and the good name of his administration, as he undoubtedly understands, are concerned in the matter. Nor has he hitherto failed to rise to such opportunities. The appointment of Commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Washington, and of the representative and counsel of the government at Geneva, showed him upon great occasions superior to all but the most patriotic and becoming considerations. Such precedents justify the expectation that the new Chief Justice will be one whom his great predecessors would have gladly welcomed to their seat.

SPAIN AND CASTELAR.

IT is a curious fact that the representative republican in Spain, EMILIO CASTELAR, consented to take the head of the government only upon condition of being made Dictator; and that the republic, in his judgment, can be saved only by means of an absolute despotism. Of CASTELAR's personal purity and devoted patriotism there can be no doubt. He is also a thorough student of political history and a republican enthusiast. Whether also he is a political thinker may perhaps be doubted. But the glowing series of papers upon republicanism in Europe which he has been contributing to *Harper's Magazine* show, at least, that he perceives the fatal defect of the old French republic, and that he sees with Saxon eyes the true basis of a popular and free government. Yet as he assumes the authority which the Cortes has conferred upon him, the one sentiment which he forcibly states and urgently repeats is the very cry of the reaction in France—Order must be maintained. It is true. It is the primary condition of progress and of efficient government. But since Warsaw it has come to mean that peace must be preserved by suspending the guarantees of freedom.

Spanish politics are always obscure, and they are now especially clouded. The audacity of the republican sentiment is evident enough, but its numerical, moral, and intelligent force is not clear. The European governments are so centralized that a minority of the Assembly, sustained by a mob of the capital, can impose its will as a form of government upon the whole country. In Paris, three years ago, it was the mob of the capital alone that first dictated the republic to the Assembly. Moreover, in the minds of most European republicans the republic is a vague sentiment, not an intelligibly ordered system. Those who are known to us as leading republicans, pure and noble in character, and of most devoted and unselfish life, as they often are, are rather figures of passionate enthusiasm than of sagacious statesmanship. What would MAZZINI, or LOUIS BLANC, or VICTOR HUGO have done in the Continental Congress or in the Constitutional Convention? What would WASHINGTON, or MADISON, or JAY, or SAM ADAMS have thought of Spain to-day?

Undoubtedly a people in which the Anglo-Saxon race predominates is unjust in its political judgments of other races. The language of passion and enthusiasm, which is natural to the Latin people, as they are called, seems to us Americans to show superficial feeling and practical incapacity. Those among us who have read CASTELAR's speech upon accepting the Presidency of the Cortes have probably sighed with wonder whether so fluent and brilliant a rhetorician can possibly have the organizing and energizing qualities which his country now requires: and we remember that the last great Southern European statesman, CAVOUR, had the silence as well as the sagacity of a cooler race. Let us not forget that CASTELAR has to deal not only with immense ignorance and superstition, with kingcraft and priestcraft, but with crude social theories and enthusiasms. His problem is not political only, but social. While his right hand must smite the Carlists, his left must reach the Communists. Meanwhile the army is half insubordinate, and in large parts of the country disorder paralyzes industry. No foreign government, except ours, offers him sympathy, and our sympathy is but a word, for we are not free from that serious doubt which fills the mind of every political observer.

"The difficulty in Spain," said one of the shrewdest statesmen, two years ago, who had lived in the country upon familiar terms with its chief public men, and who plainly foresaw the fall of AMADEUS before he entered the palace—"the difficulty in Spain is that there are only third-rate men there." And the same statesman now predicts deepening anarchy, and the man on horseback. It is a gloomy prospect. Yet those who think that the men of the Continental Congress and of our Revolution would have readily managed the matter should remember that they never confronted a problem so perplexing as that of CASTELAR, and that, with all the simplicity of their task and all their advantages, their struggle was long and often doubtful. And surely the brave men in Spain who honestly aim to lift their country out of the mire of ignorance and superstition, of political and spiritual slavery, in which it has lain so long, will at least have the warmest wishes and sympathy of all lovers of free government.

AN ALERT ENEMY.

THE experiment of the Roman Catholic public schools in the city is interesting, as showing the character of the sectarian hostility to the public-school system, which is becoming more and more developed and organized. That hostility is represented and led by the Roman Catholic clergy. Their purpose is plainly declared, and their reasons are stoutly asserted. And as their tenacity is constant, that purpose must be incessantly exposed, and those reasons steadily refuted. This Roman policy must be thoroughly understood if its projects are to be defeated. Roman Catholic politics in this country have a great advantage in this, that they can not be discussed without that appearance of mixing religion with politics which is peculiarly distasteful to the American mind, as it is opposed to American political principles. Thus it is impossible for the *Weekly* to expose the political designs of the Roman priesthood in caricature and cartoon without seeming to ridicule the religious faith of a class of the community. This is because priests can be pictorially represented as such only by their robes. The Pope can be known in a picture only by his triple crown; and if you would depict priests attacking the schools, you must draw them as ministers of religion.

This is an advantage of which, as of every advantage, such opponents are swift and cunning to make use. Why, they ask, in this country, which equally protects the professors of all religious faiths, should the clergy of one Church alone be ridiculed? The reply is conclusive. The clergy of no Church are ridiculed *as clergy*. They are ridiculed only as politicians, who in this country have no immunity from criticism or caricature. And when any body of politicians, whether priests or laymen, undertake to assault and destroy the public-school system, they may justly expect, as they will heartily deserve, the most merciless ridicule and relentless opposition and exposure.

The spirit of our political system and the laws themselves recognize no religious sects. The state and the church are absolutely separated. The schools, therefore, supported by the public money, are in theory unsectarian. But the Roman priesthood complain that the schools are in fact sectarian, and in the same breath allege that they ought to be. Their real complaint is that the schools are what they call "godless"—that is to say, that they furnish no direct religious instruction. Yet as the Bible is sometimes read in them as a text-book, the priests insist that, being the Protestant version, it is sectarian, and that the Roman Catholic tax-payers are therefore forced by the State not only to support sectarian schools, but schools of a sect which they abhor. If it is suggested to them that the mere reading of the Protestant version of the Bible is not sectarian instruction, they reply that it is a religious book in a version unfavorable to their Church. If, then, they are asked whether the removal of the Bible as a text-book from the schools would remove their hostility, they reply, with holy horror, "Certainly not;

the schools would be then without even a pretense of godliness!"

Those, therefore, who think it desirable to remove even the form of a valid objection by removing the Bible from the schools, and who would the more willingly assent to the removal because they think that respect for the book is not increased by its school use, should understand that the removal would not settle the controversy; it would but stimulate renewed hostility to the school system. The Roman Catholic politicians skillfully insist upon the removal, because they see that many of their opponents concede the force of the objection. But the moment the point was carried it would be seen to be but a preliminary skirmish. For the question is not of the Bible in the schools, but of the union of church and state. The sectarian division of the school money would be the direct recognition by the State of the religious opinions of the citizens. It would regard the citizen not as a member of the State, but as a member of a Church, and all the results would follow with which history makes us familiar.

The Roman priestly policy would make the public schools sectarian nurseries. The model school of this policy, that of Father Farrell, recently opened, is strictly ecclesiastical. It is hung with pictures and emblems, according to the reports in the newspapers, characteristic of the Roman Church. It is taught by ecclesiastics, and will be under immediate ecclesiastical supervision. The object of this school, as of the system which it represents, will be not to make intelligent American citizens, but docile Roman Catholic subjects. Those who have established it, however, have exercised an unquestionable right. The school is like other sectarian schools, of which there are thousands in the country. But it has an object which other sectarian schools have not. It is the purpose of the priesthood to draw into such schools, if possible, all the children of parents belonging to their Church, in order to strengthen their appeal against the existing system by the assertion that Romanists are compelled to pay for schools to which they are so conscientiously opposed that they tax themselves to support other schools.

This priestly policy must be frankly and firmly opposed; and the clergy who bring sectarian purposes into politics must be held strictly responsible for their course. If the Baptists, or the Methodists, or the Congregationalists of any faith should, as such, introduce their sectarian plans into our politics, we should expose and resist them quite as strenuously. The assertion that a Christian nation ought to maintain religious schools is mere folly. The only sense in which this is a Christian nation is that the great mass of the people are included in some Christian denomination. But as a political organization it is no more properly called Christian than the Western Union Telegraph Company or Congress could be called distinctively a Christian body. Meanwhile if any American citizen or number of citizens, of whatever faith, wish to establish religious schools for their children, the law will impartially protect them, not, however, as churchmen, but as citizens. This is the very primer of our politics. But its lessons must be constantly conned.

METHODS OF REFORM.

Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, presided at the late Convention in that State, and made a speech upon taking the chair which has been highly commended for its lofty tone. He demanded, above all, purity of administration. He was, however, careful to say that he meant "no technical method of civil service reform," but general virtue. We must all be good. Voters must be good, and so must candidates, and especially the appointing power. "Let us inaugurate an era of conduct and action, and of persistent insistence for official singleness and purity of every man connected with the government, high or low, as far as he can be followed." Ex-Governor Bullock is an excellent man; but does he suppose that the administration of the government is to be purified by general exhortations to public rectitude? Does he suppose that the government itself could have been founded upon dignified assertions of the necessity of a good government? To found a working republican system, certain measures, "technical methods," are indispensable. And if the administration of the government is to be purified, it can be done only by adopting some technical method of reform. If Governor Bullock rejects methods, he rejects reform.

What is the problem? It is, as the Governor suggests, to secure in the public service not only capable but fit men. Now if we descend to details, as we must, these men are many thousands in number, they are distributed every where in the country, and they are to be appointed by the President or his cabinet. Personal knowledge of the fitness of candidates is out of the question. Appointments must be made, therefore, in one of two ways: either upon the certificates and representations of members of Congress or leading men or committees, or upon the results of independent investigation.

As to the first course, which is the one that has been followed since the first election of General Jackson, it is evident not only that, with the enormous increase of offices, it tempts to the most frequent corruption and to the disturbance of the order of the government, but that it is also essentially unconstitutional, because it disregards the separation of the various branches of the government which it was the care of the Constitution to establish. One of the cardinal conditions of our political system is the independence of those branches. But the evil practice of the civil service has led both to a usurpation, and to barter between the executive and legislative departments. The perilous power that the Jackson system gives to a designing President, we showed last week. But it also coerces and paralyzes an honest and upright President. Already the Senate, under the plea of its power of confirmation, asserts the right to dictate nominations, while in certain cases, as in the Post-office, the mere wish of the Representative has come to be the law of the appointing department. This law is based upon the theory that the Representative knows the wishes of the people of his district, and has been elected by them as their agent. But it is forgotten that he has been expressly elected their legislative, not their executive, agent; that he has no constitutional right to assume duties with which the Constitution does not charge him; and that his attention to such duties necessarily injures the discharge of those for which he was elected.

Governor Bullock apparently thinks that reform is to be sought by exhorting committees and Representatives and Senators to be unselfish, and to recommend only fit candidates to the appointing power. A better way would seem to be that the appointing power, pending the full development of virtue in the members of Congress and in party managers, should institute some "technical method" of independent investigation of the capacity and fitness of candidates. A sincere desire of reform is proved by some practical effort at reformation. To exhort the party to purity, and to insist that without purity the party will perish, is of no avail. The most unprincipled men in the party verbally agree in that. The Governor doubtless winced at General Butler's hearty approval of what he said, even to the sneer at any especial method. That approval was the exposure of the defect in the Governor's speech, and its most caustic criticism. The Republican party has declared for a reformed system of the civil service. How does it mean to obtain it—by exhortations to virtue, or by doing something? If it chooses the former course, the prospects are not encouraging. If it takes the latter, as it will if it is in earnest, it must adopt some "technical method."

THE CRISIS IN WALL STREET.

The financial crisis precipitated by the suspension of the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. on Thursday, September 18, was not wholly unexpected in business circles. But although there had been a feverish excitement in Wall Street during the early part of the week, and sagacious men prepared to meet the coming emergency, the majority of dealers carried on their operations as usual, and the general course of speculation was precisely of a character to precipitate the crisis which even then prudence might perhaps have averted. On Monday and Tuesday transactions of enormous magnitude took place in the Stock and Gold exchanges, based for the most part on a belief in an advance of prices. On Wednesday the reaction commenced, when the "bears" made a vigorous attack on the market, and forced a very serious decline in the price of securities which had stood high in favor. Still, in spite of this warning, the majority of operators were confident that no extensive panic would follow.

The announcement in the Stock Exchange on Thursday morning that Jay Cooke & Co. had been compelled to suspend payment in consequence of their inability to raise funds to carry Northern Pacific shattered all confidence, and the panic became a general rout. Stocks suffered a further decline of from five to fifteen per cent., and Wall Street was the scene of wild excitement all day. There were, however, but two additional failures, one that of Mr. Richard Schell, a well-known and wealthy operator, the other that of Robinson & Suydam, and many dealers expressed a confident belief that the worst was over. But the failure of Fisk & Hatch, announced on Friday morning, gave fresh impetus to the panic. The intelligence which soon spread through the street that the offices of the Union Trust Company and the Fourth National Bank were besieged by anxious crowds of depositors added fuel to the flame, and the scenes in the Stock and Gold exchanges when the news became known were of the most extraordinary character. Stocks were sold at almost any price which purchasers would offer. Failure after failure was announced with startling rapidity, and the day closed with the following list of suspended firms: Fisk & Hatch, George B. Alley, A. Smith & Seaver, A. M. Kidder & Co., Whittemore & Anderson, Eugene J. Jackson, Hay & Warner, Day & Morse, Thomas Reed & Co., Greenleaf & Norris, Theodore Berdell, Beers & Edwards, W. H. Warren & Co., White, De Freitas, & Rathbone, Fitch & Co., Vernam & Hoy, William Beal, Jacob Little & Co., E. D. Randolph, W. E. Connor.

In the opinion of sagacious business men the panic might have been ended on Saturday, or at all events checked, but for the failure of the Lake Shore Railroad to pay the Union Trust Company a call loan of $1,750,000. This, in addition to the delinquency of other large borrowers, compelled that institution to close its doors. The panic was renewed in a more alarming and disastrous form. All confidence vanished, and the day was one of the wildest ever witnessed in Wall Street. The Stock Exchange was open but two hours, when the governing committee held a meeting and closed the doors, thus practically putting an end to speculation until settlements can be made and confidence and reason resume their sway in Wall Street. The failures of Saturday were the Union Trust Company, the National Trust Company, the National Bank of the Commonwealth, Ketchum & Belknap, and Edward Haight.

In the general panic which prevailed on Saturday an urgent appeal was made to the general government to take measures which might tend to allay the alarm, and save the business of the country from further and perhaps greater disasters. In response to this appeal, President Grant, Secretary Richardson, and General Hillhouse, Sub-Treasurer in this city, on Saturday evening had an interview at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with many prominent financiers. The proposition was made to the President to lend the Treasury reserve of $44,000,000 to the banks as a measure of relief. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, at the request of the capitalists, advised the President that while there was no legal authority, there was precedent for the loan, and urged him to respond favorably to the proposition, or to one of a similar character. The President declined, however, to authorize the loan, as without warrant of law. It was finally decided, as the most feasible measure of relief within the power of the general government, to direct the Sub-Treasurer to buy unlimited amounts of five-twenty bonds or bonds of '81 at par as fast as they were offered. This plan of relief was accepted by prominent bankers as probably the course best calculated to allay the panic and restore confidence.

In addition to this the banks of New York, through a meeting of their presidents held on Saturday at the Bank of Commerce, submitted a plan proposing that any bank in the Clearing-house Association may, at its option, deposit an amount of bills receivable or other securities with a committee of five persons authorized to issue thereupon certificates of deposit bearing interest at seven per cent. per annum, in denominations of $5000 and $10,000, to an amount not in excess of seventy-five per cent. of the securities in bills receivable so deposited. These certificates may be used in settlement at the Clearing-house until the 1st of November, and shall be received by creditor banks daily in the same proportion as they bear to the aggregate amount of the debtor balance paid at the Clearing-house. The interest is to be refunded to the banks which shall have held them, and the securities deposited with the committee are to be held by them as a deposit for the redemption of the certificates issued. The committee are authorized to exchange any portion of the securities for others at the request of the depositing bank, and have power to demand additional security. The amount of certificates to be issued by the committee is not to exceed $10,000,000, the banks to report every morning the number of certificates issued by each and the condition of the several institutions. In order to accomplish this the legal tender belonging to the associated banks is to be considered and treated as a common fund, held for mutual aid and protection, and the committee appointed is to have power to equalize the same. The bank to which loan certificates may be issued is to be charged, in addition to seven per cent. interest, one-quarter of one per cent. to defray expenses. The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and it was determined to issue at once $10,000,000 in loan certificates. The savings-banks also adopted the precautionary measure of enforcing the rule of thirty days' notice of intention to draw out deposits.

Upon a calm review of the circumstances which led to this serious and disastrous panic, it is apparent that the frenzy which took possession of Wall Street on Saturday, and which prevailed throughout financial circles on Sunday, was almost wholly baseless. The gravity of the situation could not be denied. But it was no time for people to lose their heads and act like madmen. The legitimate business of the country, aside from mere speculative enterprises, stands upon a sound and substantial basis, and our general commerce was never in a more prosperous condition. The wild alarm which summoned the general government to its relief, and besought the President even to violate law in the interest of operators in stocks, was wholly irrational, and unworthy of business men. The country is grateful that the President refused to yield to the pressure. Had the operators in Wall Street possessed a tithe of the coolness and the imperturbable spirit which characterized his action, the panic might have been confined to the narrow circle in which it originated. That it spread and involved so many firms in this city and throughout the country was owing to a want of firmness and courage among speculative operators. In a panic fright is contagious, and spreads like an epidemic; but when the worst is over, and people regain their senses, they wonder at their own folly.

THE "POLARIS."

The uncertainty respecting the fate of Captain Buddington and his officers and men has been happily solved by the arrival at Dundee of the steamer *Arctic* with the captain and nine of his companions. The other three had been transferred to another vessel. The party had endured great hardships and privations, but all were in excellent health. From the brief account sent by telegraph we learn that after the separation from Tyson and his companions the *Polaris* was finally abandoned in a sinking condition by Captain Buddington and the remainder of the expedition. The party wintered in Life-boat Cove, where they built a timber-house, which they covered with sails. The winter passed without event, except the breaking out of scurvy, which, however, was unattended by severe symptoms. Plentiful supplies of walrus liver for food were obtained from the natives, and to this diet is attributed the mildness of the disease. In the spring two boats were built of thin pine boards taken from the cabin of the *Polaris*. In these the whole party embarked as soon as the ice opened, and sailed southward. On the 3d of June they sighted Cape York, and on the 22d of the same month were picked up by the *Ravenscraig*, from which they were soon afterward transferred to the *Arctic*.

At a recent session of the British Association Captain Markham, of the British navy, who was on board the *Arctic* when she received the men rescued from the *Polaris*, gave a detailed account of the voyage of Captain Hall, which he gathered from the members of the expedition. He said the *Polaris* occupied only five days in making the distance from Cape Shakleton northward to latitude 82° 16′. This was the nearest point to the north pole ever reached by civilized man. The ice was soft all the way, and a stronger vessel could have attained a much higher latitude.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The propeller *Ironsides* sunk near Grand Haven, Michigan, September 15. Eighteen persons are known to have perished, and it is believed that several others were also lost.

The yellow fever continues to rage in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Memphis, Tennessee. It has also broken out in Fulton, Arkansas. In Shreveport more than 600 persons are sick, and so many of the residents have run away from the pestilence that too few remain to care for the afflicted.

Alexander B. Shepherd, the new Governor of the District of Columbia, entered upon the discharge of his duties September 15.

The Newspaper Claims bill, passed by the last Legislature, has been vetoed by Governor Dix.

Cortlandt A. Sprague, late City Treasurer of Brooklyn, was arrested, September 15, on a charge of embezzlement and malfeasance in office. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $60,000. The arrest was based upon a confession made by M. T. Rodman, late Deputy City Treasurer, alleging that Mr. Sprague was the leader of the conspiracy to rob the city.

Another fire occurred in Chicago, September 17, destroying property valued at $250,000, and rendering many families homeless.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Grand Vizier who accompanied the Shah of Persia on his recent tour was thrown into prison on the return of the party to Teheran, but was subsequently released and degraded to a petty governorship. The ground of his imprisonment is said to have been connected with the Reuter concessions.

In Spain General Morrones has been appointed Generalissimo of the republican armies. There was a riot in Malaga, September 17, during an election, and many persons were shot. There was also trouble in Ecija, where many were likewise killed.

Seventy vessels were wrecked in a recent storm on the Black Sea, near the mouth of the Bosphorus.

The last body of German troops left the French territory at nine o'clock on the morning of September 16. There was great rejoicing among the inhabitants.

Addresses signed by large numbers of the Roman Catholic clergy of the United States have been received by the German priests approving of their attitude in opposition to the Prussian Government.

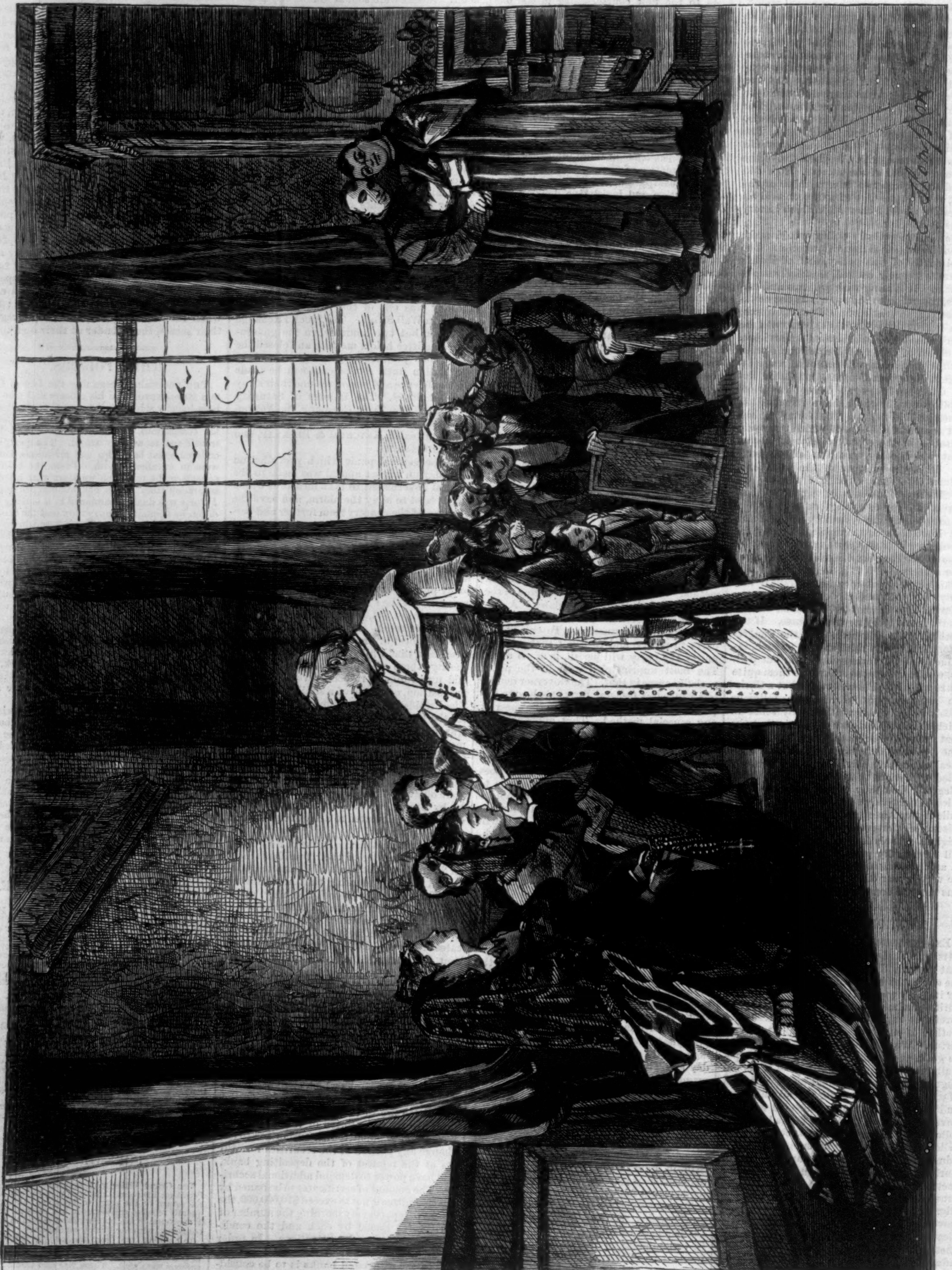
Dr. Livingstone has again been heard from, this time by Mr. Stornes, the English traveler, who met him in Central Africa on the 1st of July. The doctor was in perfect health.

AN AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.

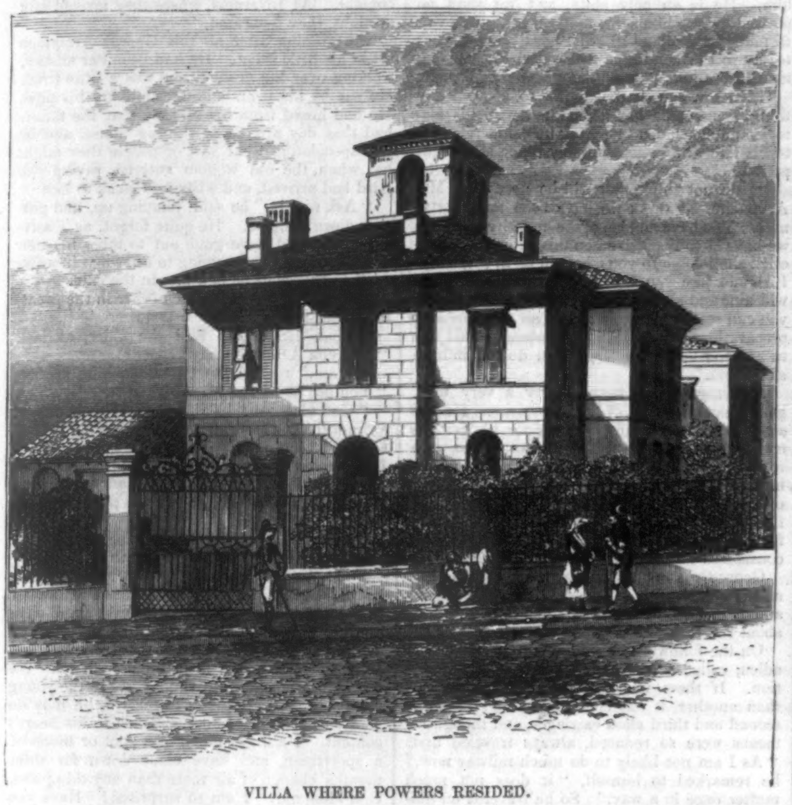
A lady correspondent thus describes this scene: “In company with about a hundred other persons who were to be presented to the Pope, I was ushered, by an attendant clad from head to foot in crimson damask, into a long room, at one end of which is the Pope's chair, under a canopy. All the ladies wore the black dress and veil which are *de rigueur* on these occasions; the gentlemen who are not in uniform appear in evening dress, with the exception of gloves, which are not worn by any body. Many people brought crucifixes to be blessed, as also boxes full of rosaries, and an art student brought his drawing for the same purpose. Presently the Pope, in a white cassock and skull-cap, entered from an inner apartment, accompanied by a few prelates in black and purple. He immediately began his round of the room, stopping to speak to every body at more or less length, and giving his ring to be kissed. Many, both men and women, were moved to tears. One lady, clasping her hands, cried, ‘Look at me, Holy Father!’ while her companion retained his hand, loath to let it go. The art student, blushing and smiling, asked for the benediction of his drawing, after giving which the Pope patted him on the head and went on his way. Presently came the turn of a lady with a petition. She pleaded passionately, with sobs and groans, but the Holy Father was unable to grant her prayer, and there was a little scene, which agitated the Pope and increased his evident fatigue. At length, his round completed, he ascended, not without help, the steps of the dais whereon stands his chair, and, being seated, he concluded the audience by addressing us all in a few simple and touching words.”

We may mention in this connection that recently the Pope gave an audience to a party of English excursionists, twenty-one in number. He was exceedingly gracious, spoke to each one of the party, and walked about “as actively as I have ever seen him,” says an English resident who accompanied the visitors. After he had spoken to all individually he drew back two or three yards, so as to take in a view of the whole party, and said, “Now I shall bless you all, your families, and all who belong to you. May you return safely to your native country!” Then followed the apostolic benediction in Latin.

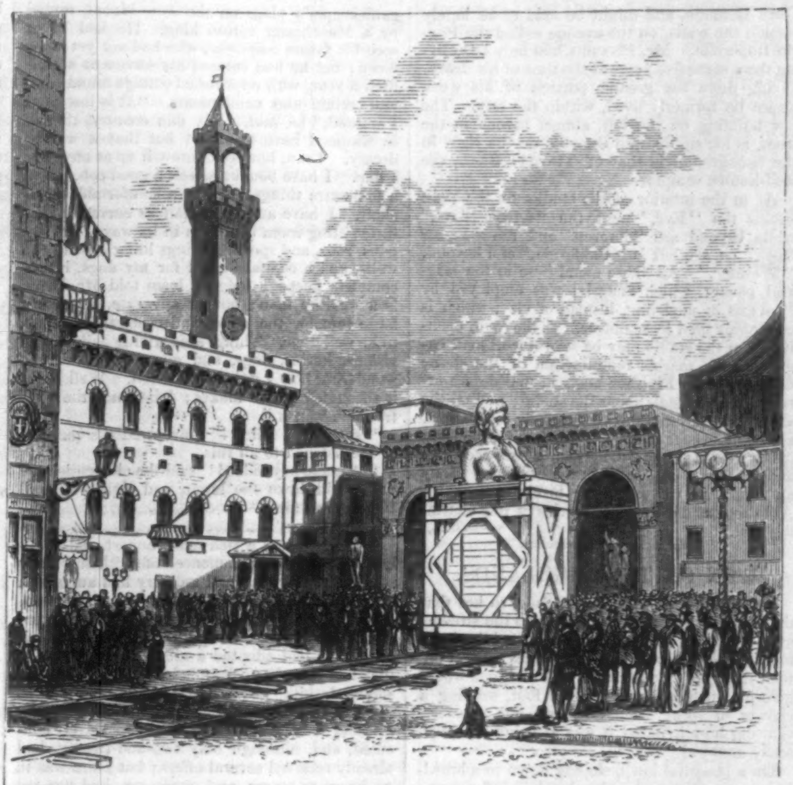
Since the accomplishment of Italian unity and the occupation of Rome as the capital of the nation, the Pope has not appeared outside the walls of the Vatican, where he holds receptions like an exiled sovereign, who lives in the hope of “coming to his own again.” Thousands of devout Catholics from all parts of the world repair thither to pay him homage and respect, to offer him condolence, and to crave his blessing. While to the world at large the unity of Italy appears to be too firmly established to be shaken, he still clings to the belief that the Papal temporalities will soon be restored.



AN AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.



VILLA WHERE POWERS RESIDED.



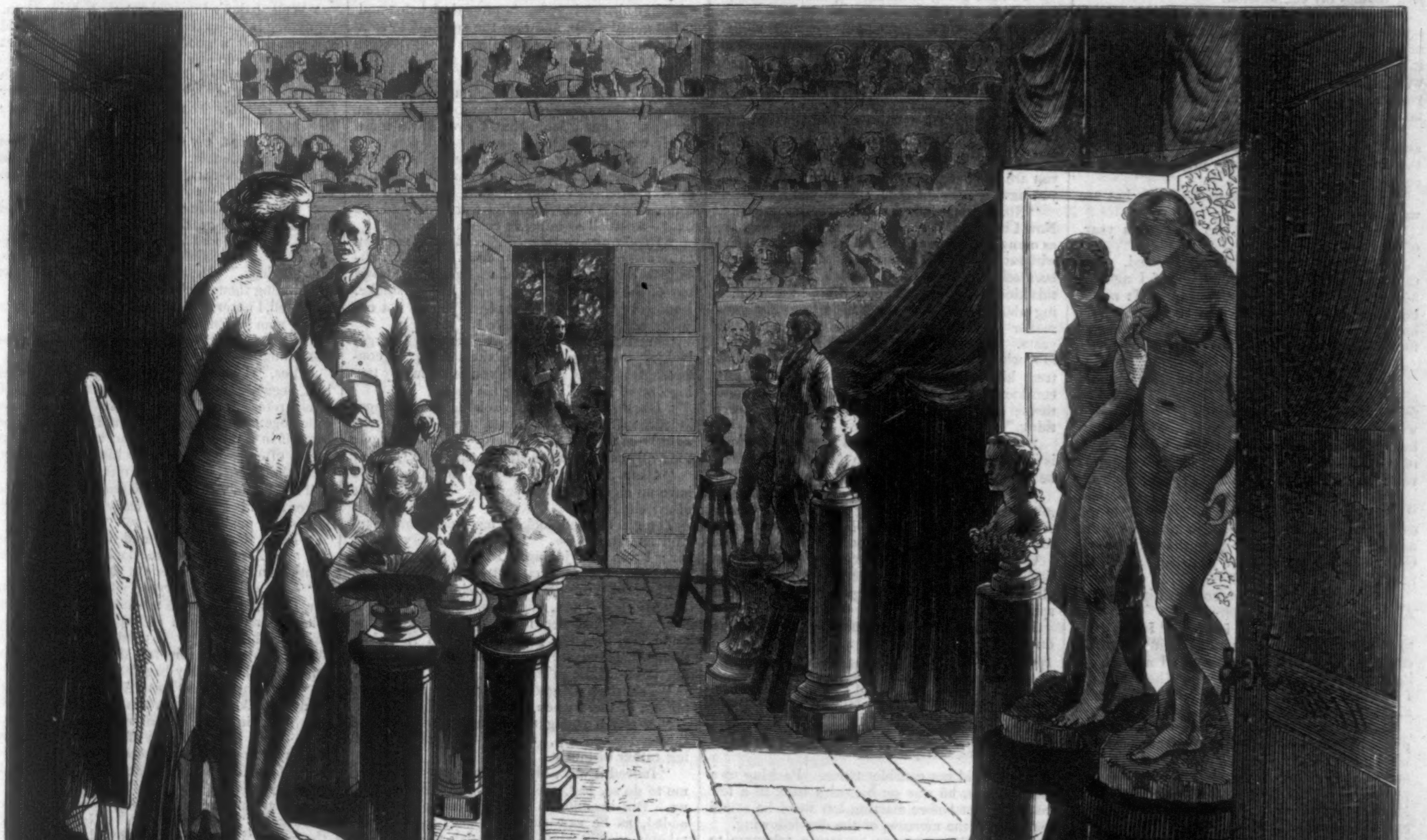
MOVING M. ANGELO'S STATUE OF DAVID.

FLORENTINE SKETCHES.

Charles Dickens, in his charming *Pictures from Italy*, under the heading of "The Lions of Florence," says: "The finest work of art that decorates the piazza is the colossal statue of David by Michael Angelo, who executed it, when he was twenty-nine years old, from a block of marble that had been already spoiled by an inferior sculptor. Vasari writes that when Michael Angelo was finishing this statue, previous to its being uncovered, Pietro Soderini, who was Gonfaloniere or Mayor of Florence, came to pay him a visit. Michael Angelo, half in fun, asked him his opinion. 'I think,' said Soderini, 'that the nose is too large.' 'You are right,' answered M. Angelo, and slyly taking up a handful of marble dust, he ran up the ladder, pretending to knock away the marble, and letting merely the dust fall he had in his hand. 'Now, what do you think?' 'Oh,' said Soderini, 'you have given him life.'"

Any one who has visited Florence within the last two years may remember the disappointment it has been to find this noble statue boxed up, or rather housed in, with planks. The fact is that the guardians of Florentine relics of art and antiquity, finding that this grand work was in great danger from the action of the weather, had decided to remove it to some place of safety and shelter. It is said that the difficulty of deciding on its future resting-place has been the cause of its being so long closed in. Of late this unsightly hut and the imprisoned "David" became the subject of daily satire and ridicule in the Florence journals. Finally, the gallery of the Academy of the "Belle Arti" was decided upon for the reception of "David." On the 30th of July last the great slinger was himself slung, with great security, by the ingenuity of Professor Cavaliere Di Fabris and the engineer Cavaliere Porra. It was done in such a manner, by an arrangement of iron rods and rubber car springs, as to resist, or rather to counteract, all the effect of jarring. The figure is about fifteen feet high, and of the most exquisite proportions, though by some it has been thought the head is too large; yet this may arise from the treatment of the hair. It was placed in its late position at the left hand of the principal entrance of the palace in the year 1504. The view given in our illustration shows the arrangement of the car and the temporary railroad track (about fifty feet of which was laid at a time) crossing the Piazza Signoria. The Palazzo Vecchio is on the left, in front of which still remains the wooden house in which the statue has been imprisoned during two years past. To the right is the Loggia di Lanzi, while in the intermediate space appears a small corner of the gallery of the Uffizi.

In connection with this illustration we give a view of the villa and studio of the late Hiram Powers. This establishment is in a charming part of the suburbs of Florence, just outside the



INTERIOR OF POWERS'S STUDIO.

FLORENTINE SKETCHES.

Porta Romana, and might be said to be barely outside the walls, on the avenue called the Poggio Imperiale. Mr. Powers had only been living there some five years at the time of his death, having done the greater portion of his work where he formerly lived, within the city. The low building on the left, almost hidden in the trees, is his studio, and the villa on the right in the background is that of Thomas Ball, the well-known sculptor.

As to the interior of the studio, on the right stands the "Eve," next the "Greek Slave," while beyond are "Everett" and the "Fisher Boy;" on the left is "California," and beyond, "Webster." All these stand here in the original plaster, which material was employed by Powers in modeling, instead of clay, which is commonly used by sculptors. In the room opening from the studio may be seen a workman engaged on a marble reproduction of the statue of Everett. Finished busts in marble are arranged on pedestals about the studio; and on the shelves, their faces turned generally to the wall, are many plaster models. The door on the right opens into a beautiful garden, where Powers and his family used to sit in the evening. Many an American visitor to the lovely city on the Arno retains delightful memories of this charming spot.

WON ON THE HIGHLANDS.

It was a burning hot day in July, so hot that the cattle had betaken themselves to the streams and fords, where they stood knee-deep, idly chewing the cud and whisking the hordes of flies off with their tails; every now and then one would give an impatient stamp of its foot, sending a shower of spray around it, and low uneasily, showing how irritated it was at being so ceaselessly annoyed.

On a beautiful lawn, sloping down to a brawling river's edge, and under the shade of a gigantic chestnut-tree, two gentlemen were lying; one was a singularly handsome old man of sixty or thereabouts, the other, his son, just as good-looking, was not more than five-and-twenty; he was smoking an old black clay pipe, and caressing in turn three or four beautiful setters that lay around him.

"Do you mean to say, father," asked the younger, "that you have lost all?"

"Every sixpence, George; the bank has ruined me totally; it has failed for over five hundred thousand. All my Turkish bonds, Chilian bonds, Russians—in fact, every single security has been made away with, and I and your poor mother left beggars and penniless."

"Do not be down-hearted, father; things are not so utterly bad. At any rate, this beautiful little place is mine, and I have two hundred a year besides my commission."

"Yes, George; this place, and two hundred a year left by your grandmother, are all that remains; but it is yours, George. You may want it. Thank God, I do not owe a shilling in the world. All my property has gone, for I was, as you know, a share-holder in the bank; they can not have more than I have got."

"My dear father, what I have is yours. You and my mother have inhabited this cottage for the last three years to oblige me, and you must continue doing so."

"George, this is like yourself; but what are we to live on?"

"Live on? Why, my two hundred a year, of course."

The old gentleman was deeply affected. "It can not be, my boy," he said. "If I agreed, how would you get on in the army? It would be impossible for you to live on your pay. You have been accustomed to comforts, and to want for nothing. No; it can not be thought of."

"It must be thought of," answered his son. "If you choose to, you can not imagine I would allow my mother to starve. I do not intend to remain in the army; the sale of my commission will give me a hundred a year. This I shall keep, and my two hundred a year, with the cottage, will be yours and my mother's as long as you live. I intend doing something for myself."

"Dear, dear George," sobbed the old man, "I have no alternative but to accept. I do not care for myself, but your poor mother. I could not see her die of want, or go to the work-house. God bless you, my boy, for your single-heartedness!"

A week after the above conversation George Armytage took his departure.

"Mother," he said, on leaving, "I will write to you in a few days of my whereabouts; at present it is a secret; but rest assured I am not going out of the United Kingdom. Wherever I go, I go more for pleasure than any thing else, for I am taking all my dogs and guns with me."

Her Majesty's —st regiment of Foot were grieved when they lost George Armytage, for they were fond of him; he was a popular man, a good officer, and entered into every thing. There were few better riders than he was; but he was a good all-round sportsman. His hobby, and what he excelled in, was shooting: a deadly shot. And his breaking of dogs was simply perfection.

He was once asked to shoot for a friend at one of the gun clubs in London.

"What!" he indignantly answered—"I go in for such a cockney concern as that?—sport I won't call it. No, I am no dove slaughterer; but if you like to make a match at grouse or partridge, commence at six and walk till six, I'm your man, and will do my best for you."

The old gentleman and his wife were lonely and anxious when he left them without saying where he was going to; they knew how determined and resolute he was when he had set his mind on any thing; they therefore waited nervously till they heard from him.

At last the impatiently expected letter came—from Inverness-shire—saying he had the head gamekeeper's place on the —— Moors, rented by a Manchester cotton king. He had never seen his future employer, who had not yet come down; but he had entered his service at a hundred a year, with a furnished cottage found him, and certain other emoluments. "It is just what I wanted," he said. "A fine country, though in winter I have no doubt but that it will be dreary. I can, however, throw it up at any time I like. I have bought myself a good cob, put in a few extra things, such as a comfortable armchair. I have an old woman as servant. My little sitting-room is a bijou in its way. All my guns, rods, and sporting things hung around the walls, and a capital kennel for my dogs, it is a complete keeper's lodge. I am told Mr. Dives is a wealthy man; but, at any rate, he pays a large rent for the moor, and every thing seems to be well done. Things are arriving daily—provisions, horses, dogs, and guns. You will be wondering how I got the situation. Well, I did it through my gun-maker; I had not the least trouble about it."

"Poor dear fellow!" murmured the mother, as she listened to all this.

"A noble boy indeed!" said the old gentleman, as he laid down the letter, and sighed deeply. "God bless him!"

Mr. Dives was a rich man, honest and good-hearted. He had commenced life with only a few pounds, and by care and industry had amassed a large fortune.

His wife was a nice, quiet, lady-like person, gentle and amiable. Having no children of their own, they had adopted a niece of theirs, whom they had brought up from infancy. A fine, handsome, dashing girl was Dora Clinton, and as good as she was handsome—full of life and fun. She had been most carefully and expensively educated, and, although only two-and-twenty, had already received several offers; but Dora was in no hurry to marry, and, moreover, had not yet seen the man who could win her heart.

"My dear," said John Dives to his wife one morning at the breakfast-table, after he had looked all his letters through; "now every thing is arranged, I will tell you of a little extravagance I have been guilty of."

"Extravagance, John!" replied his better half. "I never yet knew you guilty of any extravagance; you are too careful and cautious."

"Now, uncle," exclaimed his niece, "out with it. I am dying to know. Oh, you bad man!" shaking her finger at him, and showing her faultless teeth as she laughed, "you have been doing something dreadful; I know you have. Do not keep us in suspense any longer. Confess, Sir, confess."

"Well," he said, "the fact is, I think we all want a little change; so I—"

"You are going to take us on the Continent," put in Dora. "Oh, how delightful! New dresses at Paris; the Bois de Boulogne on Sunday. It's horribly wicked, I know, but we must do at Rome—"

"You wild puss! I am going to do nothing of the sort. I spend my money at home this year. No, it is not as you think. I have taken a grouse moor in Scotland."

"A grouse moor, my dear John!" said Mrs. Dives. "I know you are fond of sporting; but you are so stout you will never get up hills. And you have never shot grouse, have you?"

"No, my dear, not yet; but it is time I began. Now I have not done the thing in a careless way, as many do, taking the first moor that was offered without knowing what it was. This moor has been selected for me by those who are *au fait* at this kind of thing. The only thing I know nothing about is my keeper, Armytage. My gun-maker got him for me; he has known him for years. He tells me he is a very fine young fellow, who has seen much better days; that I must treat him with the very greatest kindness and consideration, and begged me to ask him no questions; and that he will be responsible for every thing."

"Well, this is delightful and romantic, uncle—is it not, aunt?" appealing to the lady. "I shall be falling in love with the handsome keeper."

"Get along, you saucy girl, and collect all your rattle-traps; we are leaving here on the 6th of August—five days hence. Now, good-by both, for I must be off to my office."

George Armytage was very comfortable in his little cottage, which was sweetly pretty. He had all he wanted—his cob, his guns, rods, dogs, and sporting paraphernalia.

Looking over his paper one morning, he came on the following among the advertisements:

> The parents of a young gentleman seventeen years of age, who wishes to be instructed in shooting, fishing, tying flies, etc., would give a premium of a hundred pounds, and at the rate of two hundred a year for his board and lodging, to any respectable person, or gentleman farmer, who would undertake to instruct him. Scotland preferred. Apply to F. P., 21 —— Square, Liverpool.

George did not consider twice. Packing up a small valise, he was on his cob's back in a few minutes, but before starting left word he would be back on the morrow, or the day following.

At the first post town he sent a telegram to F. P., saying he would be at Liverpool as quick as rail would bring him. This done, he took the next train for that place. On arriving, he quickly made his way to —— Square. No. 21 was a large, handsome house, and it did not require a second glance to see that those who inhabited it had means. A footman in livery answered the door, and Armytage was shown into a large and luxuriously furnished morning-room.

"I have received your telegram, Mr. Armytage," said a handsome-looking woman of about forty, on entering the room. "My boy is mad on shooting and fishing. His father is unfortunately confined to his room by an accident; is anxious he should be gratified, for he has worked hard at his studies, and we wish to indulge him. He is an only child, and we shall be pleased to give him some amusement. Are you farming in Scotland?" She hardly knew what to say to the handsome and well-dressed young man before her, quite unlike a keeper or farmer.

George, who was too honest to conceal any thing, soon made her acquainted with his history, and concluded by saying he could refer her to his late army agent, or any other she might prefer.

"I do not think that will be necessary, Mr. Armytage. I think we have been most fortunate. You have no idea of the quantity of letters we have already received on this subject. Frederick shall come to you; he will be in presently. I should like you to see him. Of course you will dine and sleep here this evening; to-morrow you can return home, and make all the necessary preparations. I dare say my husband would like to see you later—that is, if you do not mind a sick-room."

Armytage found young Perry a very nice, gentlemanly lad, full of life and spirits. He had studied hard to qualify himself for his father's calling—that of a general merchant—who, as a reward for his industry, determined on giving him some pleasure before he took to the monotony of a counting-house and city life. Not that there was any occasion for his doing any thing, for the Perrys were wealthy; but they rightly considered no young man should be idle.

George was induced to stay the night, and had a long confab with Mr. Perry in his sick-room; and it was decided the lad should come to him about the 14th or 15th of August.

On the following morning Armytage took his adieu, called a cab, and was driven to the station. If there was a thing he disliked more than another, it was cheap traveling; he hated second and third class carriages, and though his means were so reduced, always traveled first. "As I am not likely to do much railway now," he remarked to himself, "it does not much matter once in a way." So he traveled on quietly to Manchester; then there was a change of carriages. Investing in the morning paper, putting his valise under the seat, and settling himself quietly in a corner did not occupy long. "I hope," he mentally uttered, "I shall have this carriage all to myself—at least, for some way. I can then have a quiet weed to myself. I hate a smoking carriage, for most fellows smoke such horrid stuff that it makes one quite sick." But it was otherwise ordained: he was not to have a weed in quiet; for, just as he was congratulating himself on being the only occupant of the compartment, the guard opened the door. The first who entered was a tall, stout, jolly-looking man; the second, a tall, stout, jolly-looking lady; and the third, a tall, slim, elegant girl of some two or three and twenty.

"John," said the elder lady, "are you certain that all the luggage is properly labeled and in the guard's van, and that the servants have a nice carriage to themselves?"

"Yes, my dear; every thing is right."

"My pipe's put out," thought George; "but I would much rather have such a beautiful girl as that sitting opposite me than a weed between my lips. I don't know that I ever saw a more lovely creature."

The young lady, too, had made her comments to herself. "One of the handsomest and most gentlemanly young men I have seen for some time! What beautiful feet and hands he has!—as small as mine, in comparison."

"I feel quite certain, Sir," said the gentleman to Armytage, who had cast down his paper, after glancing through it, and was gazing listlessly out of the window, "you would like to smoke. I am going to myself—that is, if you do not object; my wife and niece like it."

"Well, if that is the case," replied George, looking inquiringly toward the ladies, "I confess I should like it. Will you favor me by trying one of mine?" offering his case.

"Oh, do not mind us," exclaimed the younger lady. "We are accustomed to it—are we not, aunt?—and think it very hard we can not smoke too; all Spanish ladies smoke cigarettes."

"I am sorry," said George, laughingly, "I have no cigarettes; but perhaps you will try one of my cigars?"

The girl blushed, looking ten times more beautiful as she did so. "Thank you very much, Sir; I was only joking. I could not manage a cigar, nor, indeed, a cigarette; for I have never tried one yet, nor do I think I shall."

"My dear Dora, you should not be so heedless," remarked her uncle. "You must not mind her, Sir; she says all sorts of ridiculous things. These are good cigars of yours; very fine indeed."

"Yes, they are good. My agent made me a present of them when I quitted the service."

"A pity a young man like you, Sir, quitted the service so early," said the gentleman, speaking rather distantly.

"Indeed it was; but circumstances compelled me to do so, just, too, as I had got my company. But through no fault of mine, though," he added, as he saw the gentleman look unmistakably cool at him. "Through the failure of the —— Bank."

"Ah!" said the other, "I heard of it. You were a share-holder, I presume?"

"No, indeed, I was not; but my poor father was. It ruined him. This, Sir, was why I quitted the service." He omitted to say he had given his parents nearly all he had.

"I hope," remarked the other, "you have still something to occupy you. Idleness is the root of all evil."

"Yes; I have something that will occupy all my time. I have done much better than if I remained in the army."

A general conversation then ensued. George found them very nice, unaffected people. As for Dora, she chatted and laughed away to her heart's content. At Inverness, where they arrived late at night, they separated.

The evening after all this George Armytage sat in his little room. He had been out all day, walking over the ground, and was a little tired. He sat by his open window, smoking his pipe. He had heard from his servant that the family had that day arrived at the big house, and he was speculating what sort of people they might be, when the old woman entered, saying the laird had arrived, and wished to speak to him.

"Ask him in," he said, jumping up, and putting down his pipe. He quite forgot, as a servant, he should have gone out to meet his new master. This he was going to do, when in walked the gentleman he had met in the cars.

Both stood looking at each other in the greatest astonishment.

"Good Heavens!" said the elder, at last. "Are you Armytage, my keeper?"

"I am," replied the other, blushing scarlet. "You are Mr. Dives?"

"God bless me! Yes, I am. This is a most extraordinary circumstance—a gentleman for my keeper. Dear, dear! I don't know what to say. I was never so surprised in my life. My dear young gentleman, I am very glad to see you again, but not in such a position; it can never be!"

"Sit down, Mr. Dives"—drawing up the armchair for him. "I think I can soon explain all."

"Mr. Armytage," said the other, after George had finished, "you are a noble young fellow. I honor and respect you, and only wish there were more like you. My keeper you say you will be? Well, I suppose it is to be so; but my wife and Dora must be made acquainted with all. No one else need know any thing. As to the young gentleman you are going to receive, he may do just as he likes. Shoot and fish to his heart's content. I am not much of a shot or much of a sportsman, and have come down for three months' change of air more than any thing else. God bless me! I am so surprised! Have you got one of those weeds? I must sit and have a smoke with you."

"Why, where on earth have you been, John?" asked his wife, as her husband entered the drawing-room about nine o'clock. "Dora and I were getting quite alarmed about you."

"I have been to my keeper's lodge, having a long talk and a smoke with him."

"My dear John!" expostulated his wife. "Smoking with your keeper! I am afraid that is not quite the thing. You must not be too familiar with him."

"They do these things in Scotland, Mary. I asked him to come and dine with us to-morrow, but he would not."

"He showed his sense, uncle," exclaimed Dora. "Poor man! he would have been utterly out of place, and not have eaten a morsel."

"Well, I don't know about that, Miss Dora. Armytage is a very fine fellow, and one, I should say, could eat a good dinner, and knows what one is. Who do you suppose he is?"

"Who?" replied the young lady. "Why, a keeper, of course. Some great, strong, brawny fellow. Keepers are always strong and big, are they not?"

"Well, Dora, my keeper is a gentleman—a thorough gentleman. He is no less a person than our fellow-traveler of the day before yesterday."

"What!" exclaimed both ladies in the same breath. "That gentleman your keeper?"

"Yes, he is; and a very good keeper, I imagine, too. You should see his room, his guns, and his dogs." He then proceeded to tell them all, binding them to the strictest secrecy.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Dives. "Poor young man! But what a noble son!"

Dora said nothing, but sat in silence in the deepening twilight.

"Yes," continued the gentleman; "I asked him, begged him, to come to dinner, but he positively refused. Master and servant could not dine together, he said; it would place me and himself in a false position; but he wishes to see me as often as I like to go to him. By George, he is the finest fellow I ever met!"

The 12th of August broke fine and bright, and Dives and his keeper were early afield with their gillies and ponies.

"I'm a tolerable shot, and a good walker for my age, Armytage," remarked the Manchester gentleman, "but I never yet shot a grouse."

"You will soon be trying your hand at them, Mr. Dives, for the packs are numerous and strong. The ground has been well preserved, and not overdone last season. I think we will shoot till twelve o'clock, and then rest till three, unless you wish to make a heavy bag."

"Nothing of the sort, Armytage. I don't want to make pleasure a slavery. It shall be as you say; in fact, I shall require three hours' rest. You have left one of the men at home, have you, and told him where to bring the lunch? Dora is coming. I suppose she will be able to ride the ground?"

George felt the color flying to his face as he answered, "Every inch of it." He had not seen the young lady since they parted at Inverness, and he felt how awkward the meeting would be.

Both he and John Dives shot away till the time named. Armytage was a brilliant shot, which his companion was not. So by far the greater quantity fell to the keeper's gun.

"Now for a good long rest," said Dives, as he sat down in the luxuriant heather. "This is the place, you say, where the luncheon is to come. I don't care how soon it is, for I am uncommon peckish. Here, Armytage, come and sit by me. I am not going to have you playing the servant out shooting." So he and George lay smoking away till one o'clock, when two gillies and a led pony appeared, followed by Dora riding another.

George's heart beat quick as he saw her approach; but he got up, and was waiting to help her dismount.

"Well, Mr. Armytage, this is a surprise," she said, laughingly. "I little thought, when we parted at Inverness, we should meet again so soon. I hope uncle has had good sport?"

"Capital, Miss Clinton. Look here," pointing to the birds laid out in a bit of shade.

"Come here, Dora, and sit down. I am too tired to get up," exclaimed her uncle. "You should see Armytage shoot. Right and left, every time. Never misses. And his dogs! look at the beauties; they are perfection. I never enjoyed myself so thoroughly before. But give me something to drink. I am nearly choked with thirst."

A merry party they were. Dives insisted on George lunching with them. The gillies, too, had found out (for Sandy is quick) that the keeper was no common man, but a gentleman, and treated and spoke to him accordingly.

"I want Armytage to come and dine with us, Dora; but he will not, and all I can say will not persuade him."

"Why not, Mr. Armytage?" she asked, smiling on him. "Let me persuade you."

"I should be delighted, Miss Clinton; but circumstances, as you know, have made me your uncle's servant. And if I were to accede to your wishes, it would not only be placing him, but myself—in fact, all of us—in a false position."

"Position be hanged!" said Dives. "All rubbish. I shall explain matters to those to whom it is necessary. I could not go on like this. It is utterly impossible. If you will not be one of us, Armytage, I shall give up the moor, and finish my holiday abroad."

"Of course, uncle. You are quite right," put in Dora.

"Well, if you insist on it, it must be so," said George; "but do not blame me for any thing that may be said. The world is not charitable; and I do not know much about this place yet."

"That's right, Mr. Armytage!" exclaimed Dora. "Then you will come and dine with us to-day. So I will be off, with two brace of grouse for dinner;" and, collecting all the things, she took her departure with her gillies.

All grouse-shooters know evening is the most killing time. The dew begins to fall; and as it does the scent holds better, and the dogs get keener.

The two gentlemen had capital sport, and left off at half past five, well pleased at what they had done.

"Now, Mr. Dives," said George, "you must tell me to whom all this game is to be sent; and I will see it packed and dispatched in the cart to the rail."

"I will give you a list, Armytage, when I get to your lodge. Your gillies will pack it up."

They soon arrived at George's cottage, for they rode home. Here Dives had a soda-and-brandy. "Make haste, Armytage," he said as he left; "you have not much time to dress."

Armytage was soon ready, and on his way to dinner.

"I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Armytage," said Mrs. Dives, coming forward to welcome the well-dressed young man, who looked utterly unlike a keeper. "This is a most agreeable surprise; but it is quite impossible for you to remain in this menial position. John will not have it; and if you persist in it, we shall all have to leave this."

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Dives. And I have felt it could not be so. I have therefore, on my own responsibility, sent for a good keeper I know of. You must understand I pay him, and the position I hold for the future is that of the friend and shooting companion of your husband."

"That is right, Armytage," exclaimed Dives, who had just entered the room, and caught the last words. "That is as it should be. I have just received a letter from Crossman, Mary, saying he will be down in a few days. I remember I did give him a sort of invite. I don't know what sort of a shot he is. Sometimes he is most haughty and overbearing in his manner. I don't care for him. But where will you put your keeper, Armytage?"

"There is plenty of room in the cottage; and we shall do famously. There is no better man in England than Miles. I have known him for years."

Dora now entered the room, looking beautiful, and, in her simple and unaffected manner, went up and welcomed him.

The dinner passed off agreeably and pleasantly, for every one was pleased with the other; and the young man returned home delighted with his evening.

The next day and the next they shot away; and George, on his return to his cottage, found young Perry had arrived.

"I am so pleased to see you again, Mr. Armytage," said the lad, shaking hands with him; "it is so beautiful here. I have been looking at my room, your dogs, and every thing. I long to begin to shoot."

"Well, so you shall to-morrow. Mr. Dives is not going out. You tell me you can shoot a little, so you shall try your hand on the grouse, and in the afternoon we will see if we can rise a salmon."

Armytage found his pupil a tolerable shot for his years, and the boy returned home at twelve o'clock delighted with his first essay. As they approached the cottage they met Dives and his niece out for a walk.

"We were just coming to see you, Armytage," he said, after he had shaken hands and welcomed young Perry. "What do you propose to do with yourself this afternoon?"

"We were going to try and rise a salmon; but if you want me, of course—"

"Nothing of the sort, my good fellow. I have never seen a salmon caught in my life. Dora and I will join you. So you must let us sit down in your little room till you are ready."

"With all my heart, if Miss Clinton will so far honor me." And he took them into his sanctorum.

"What a little bijou of a place!" exclaimed Dora, as she entered. "But it is not fair of us. You are going to dinner," noticing the table laid.

"Only luncheon, Miss Clinton, which I hope you and Mr. Dives will join us in. Cold grouse pie and a Yorkshire ham. And I think I can rake up a bottle of Champagne."

"The devil you can, Armytage! Well, I must say you have a very pretty notion of living. And I do not think I could enjoy any thing better."

Having lunched, they started on their fishing expedition. The water that went with the moor was good, and famous for salmon. There were many large, deep pools such as salmon and salmon-fisher love. Taking a gillie with them that knew all the likely water, they soon arrived at the river-side.

Armytage had already set himself up with some local flies suitable, and that were said to be killers. His rod was quickly put together and ready, for he was a skillful hand.

"Do catch a fish, Mr. Armytage," said Dora. "I long to see one caught."

"And I to eat one," remarked Dives.

"And I to gaff him," ejaculated Perry.

"I hope I may be able to gratify you," replied Armytage.

They fished on for some time without any luck; but presently the gillie's practiced eye saw a fish rise in the water below.

"A fine burst, Sir," said the man, pointing to the ring. "Try him with a dry fly."

"I will," returned George, whipping his line backward and forward in the air. "I'll throw up stream;" which he did, and rose his fish.

"I'm into him!" he exclaimed, as the line ran out with a whir. "A heavy fish too."

"Oh, where is he?" Dora breathlessly exclaimed, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"There he is," said Armytage, as the noble fish leaped high out of the water. "He will take some killing."

"By George, this is sport!" exclaimed John Dives, in ecstasy. Perry was eagerly watching the fish and the fisherman.

"Come and take a lesson now, Perry," said the fisherman. "You see I am not leaning too heavy on him. Just enough to let him know where he is. He must not be checked in his rushes, or he would snap the line like a packthread. There he goes again," as the fish made another rush. For twenty minutes did he battle for life, when Frederick sent the gaff into him.

Dora had approached the edge, which was some five feet above the water, to see the fish landed, when the rotten turf gave way, and she went, with a shriek and a cloud of dust, into the deep water below.

George's rod was on the sward in an instant, and his coat off. The noble boy had cast his fish on the ground and thrown his coat away.

Poor John Dives ran piteously about, exclaiming, "She will be drowned! Oh, my darling will be drowned!"

"Stay where you are, Frederick," screamed Armytage, as he saw the lad preparing to plunge; and, kicking off his brogues, was the next instant striking out for the poor girl.

Her dress kept her up for a second or two, but as the stream caught her it whirled her away, and she sank. Armytage was down like an otter, and, in less time than it takes to write it, had her in his grasp. "Don't cling to me," he exclaimed, as he held her off at arms-length. But she was confused and half senseless, and struggled violently to grasp him.

"Keep away down stream, Sir. There is a shallow twenty yards below you," bawled out the gillie. And away he ran, followed by Perry, to the place indicated.

George struck out manfully with his one arm; but his dress got heavy, and the girl's likewise. And just as he thought he must sink he touched ground. Taking her in his arms, he waded ashore. And when he deposited his burden beside her weeping uncle she was in a dead faint.

"O my God! she is dead!" exclaimed the distracted old man.

"She is not dead, Mr. Dives; only in a faint. Nothing more. Here, Sandy" (to the gillie), "run up to my cottage, put the cob into the cart, and bring him down here, and a couple of blankets. There, Sir! see, she has opened her eyes!" And taking his flask out of his pocket, he placed it to her lips.

"Oh! where am I?" she exclaimed. "Ah! I remember all now. Dear uncle, I am not a bit hurt."

"My own darling, I see you are not; but you have to thank Armytage for your life."

Armytage had put on his coat and shoes, and looked as if nothing had happened.

"If you feel equal, Miss Clinton," he said, when she had finished thanking him, "we will walk slowly toward my cottage; there you can go to my room while your clothes are being dried by my old servant. It is better to start for my place at once than remaining for the cart; you might get a chill." And offering his arm to the trembling girl, he led her away.

They presently met the cart coming.

"As there is only room for two, Mr. Dives," he said, "I think I had better drive Miss Clinton on as fast as I can."

"Quite right, Armytage. Get on, there's a dear fellow."

When he arrived he found Dora was in George's room, where a fire had been made. George himself was changed, and smoking his pipe. "Come in, Sir, come in. Miss Clinton is under old Margaret's care. She has just dosed her with a little hot whisky-and-water; and I have the same medicine awaiting you in my room."

"You good, thoughtful fellow!" said the old man. "I can never sufficiently thank you."

"Never mind that," interrupted the other, cutting him short. "Let us weigh the salmon. A good eighteen pounds," as he unhooked the scale from the fish. "I thought he would run about that. Now, Mr. Dives, for one of my cigars that you like so much."

In about an hour Dora made her appearance, none the worse for her immersion.

"You and Perry must come and dine to-day, Armytage. I insist on it, and so does Dora—do you not?"

"Of course I do; and I am sure he will come."

"Very well, Miss Clinton, so be it." And leaving them at their own gate, he returned to dress.

Another surprise was waiting Dora and her uncle when they got in—Mr. Crossman had arrived, a week before his time.

"By gad! Crossman, you had almost arrived at a most unfortunate time." And he related all that had happened.

"Well, it does not seem to have been such a dreadful affair, after all," remarked Crossman, and looking with undisguised admiration at the beautiful girl; "any one would have got you out."

"I don't know that," responded the young lady, somewhat sharply. "It is not such an easy task to rescue a drowning girl in twenty feet of rapid water. But I must go and change."

On entering the room again she found no one there but Crossman.

"Ah!" he said, as she entered, "now you look more yourself, and as beautiful as ever. I have come to try my luck again, Dora;" and he attempted to take her hand.

"Not if you were to try a thousand times, Mr. Crossman, would you have any other answer than that I have already given you. It is no use asking me; I am determined."

"I shall give you more time," he uttered; but what more he might have said was cut short by the entrance of John Dives and his wife.

"You'll see the finest and handsomest young fellow you ever clapped your eyes on presently, Crossman," remarked the host.

"Shall I?" returned the other. "He must be very handsome, then: I have seen a few fine men in my time."

He was a fine man himself, tall, well-formed, handsome features, coal-black hair, beard, and mustache. He was a distinguished-looking man too, but there was one thing spoiled him: he had a covert, sly, distrustful expression, which was demoniacal when he was thwarted in any thing. George Armytage and Perry presently entered, and were most warmly welcomed, Armytage especially. Crossman's face wore a scowling expression as he was introduced to George. He bowed superciliously, and looked at him from head to foot; but there was nothing to find fault with.

George returned his look with interest, and from that instant there was a deadly feud between them. John Dives seemed pained, and Dora ineffably disgusted, at Crossman's manner.

The dinner passed off somewhat heavily, for, somehow or other, Crossman seemed to be a wet blanket.

"Come," said Dives, on the ladies leaving the room, "draw up near me; and let us know, Armytage, what beat you propose taking to-morrow."

"I think we had better take the farthest beat, because, if the wind holds as it is at present, it will give us the wind all day. I presume Mr. Crossman is a good walker?"

"I should think I was! It is not the first time I have been in Scotland. But may I ask if you have all the arrangement of Mr. Dives's shooting?"

"Entirely," replied Dives, quickly. "Armytage is kind enough to take the entire charge of it. I allow no one to interfere."

Crossman looked unutterable things, and sipped his wine. Perry presently took his departure to join the ladies, and Armytage soon followed suit.

"Dives," said Crossman, after a pause of some time, "that fellow Armytage is in love with Dora."

"Nonsense, Crossman—not likely; he has only seen her a few times. He is a perfect gentleman; so I can not imagine why you should call him a fellow."

"I always call cads fellows," replied the other, sneeringly.

"Well," said Dives, flushing with anger, "I advise you to go and call him a cad. You may depend you would get something you would not forget in a hurry. Look here, Crossman, to be plain with you, you almost invited yourself down here, so that you might have, as you call it, your last chance with Dora; and I have made no opposition to it, though I know it to be a fruitless errand; but while you are here you must take care not to insult my friends or guests. I have not and will not influence Dora in any way. If she likes to take you for better for worse, well and good; she has my consent. Fill your glass, Crossman, and let us end this unpleasant subject now and forever."

Crossman was but a poor shot, and George gave him such a drilling the next day that he was completely done up by twelve o'clock.

"What! tired already, Mr. Crossman?" asked Dora, as she appeared as usual with the luncheon. "Why, Mr. Armytage walks all day long, and thinks nothing of it."

"He is in fettle, and I am not," returned the other, sulkily. "Good condition is every thing."

"Then we will give it up for to-day," said Dives. "I am tired too. There is no necessity to slave at it."

"Try and catch another salmon to-day, Mr. Armytage," said Dora. "Will you join us, Mr. Crossman?"

"No, I think not. I have some letters to write."

"Armytage," said John Dives, as they were walking along—Perry and Dora were in front—"I am sorry to see the rudeness of Mr. Crossman toward you; but you will oblige me by not quarreling with him. I hope a few days will see him away. What do you think he told me last night?"

"I have not the least idea. What could he possibly have to say about me?"

"Why, he said you were in love with Dora."

The young man felt the color fly to his face as Dives unceremoniously uttered this.

"Mr. Dives, it is better to be candid with you. I do love your niece; but I have never presumed to say or hint a word to her that such is the case. I have nothing at present to marry on; and I hope I am too honorable to ask any one to share poverty with me."

"Just what I expected your answer to be, Armytage. I like an honorable man; and you have my full permission to win Dora if you can. She has ten thousand pounds of her own the day she marries. If you propose to Dora, and she accepts you, I shall give her four hundred a year more. There, I have no more to say," and before the young man could utter a word, he walked quickly away to overtake the others.

A fortnight passed; the gentlemen fished and shot away; but Crossman never moved, nor did he make any mention of going.

Dora had not been seen much by him of an evening. When he came into the drawing-room after dinner she was often absent, and he had no chance of renewing his suit. One evening he had entered the room later than usual. He had left Dives asleep in the dining-room, and when he appeared in the drawing-room Mrs. Dives was slumbering peacefully on the sofa; Dora, as usual, was absent, and all was still.

"I may just as well go out, and smoke a cigar," he muttered. "They are not very polite to me."

Not far from the house there was a small fir wood; in it had been erected a summer-house. Crossman thought Dora might possibly be there. He walked carelessly and quietly on, and presently arrived close to it. The sound of voices attracted his ear; so, throwing the end of his cigar away, he approached it cautiously in the rear. He listened for some time, and then stole noiselessly away, as white as a sheet, and trembling in every limb.

John Dives snored and dreamed away. Now he had brought down a cart-load of grouse at one shot; then he had hooked an enormous salmon, which was dragging him down to the bottom, in spite of all he could do; then he was struggling in the water, trying to save Dora—when all these visions were put an end to by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder.

"Eh, what? What the deuce, eh? Why, upon my soul, I believe I've been asleep!"

"Asleep, man! yes, and when you ought to have been awake!" replied a voice trembling with passion.

Dives looked up and saw a face of deathly pallor, moved by a most demoniacal expression. His black eyes were like living coals, his lips compressed, and his hands clinched.

"Eh, what, Crossman! what the devil's the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"That damned Armytage!" was all that his guest could utter.

"Damned Armytage! What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the other, hoarsely, "that while you and I have been taking our wine, that cursed fellow has stolen Dora from me. I found them sitting in the arbor, billing and cooing like two turtle-doves. Serves you right for being so unsuspicious and blind!"

"Blind, my dear fellow! It was nothing more than I expected."

"What!" shrieked the other. "Expected? Do you mean to say you sanction such a thing?"

"Of course I do. He is just the fellow I would have chosen for Dora. I gave him my full permission. I—"

What more he might have said was cut short by the door of the dining-room being slammed. Crossman was gone.

* * * * * *

It is Christmas-day, and under the gigantic chestnut-trees that we introduced to the reader at the commencement of this tale stood several people.

"It was here, last July, my boy gave me all he had," said a singularly handsome old man to another stout, jolly-looking personage. "It is not every day one has such luck as I have, is it?" he continued.

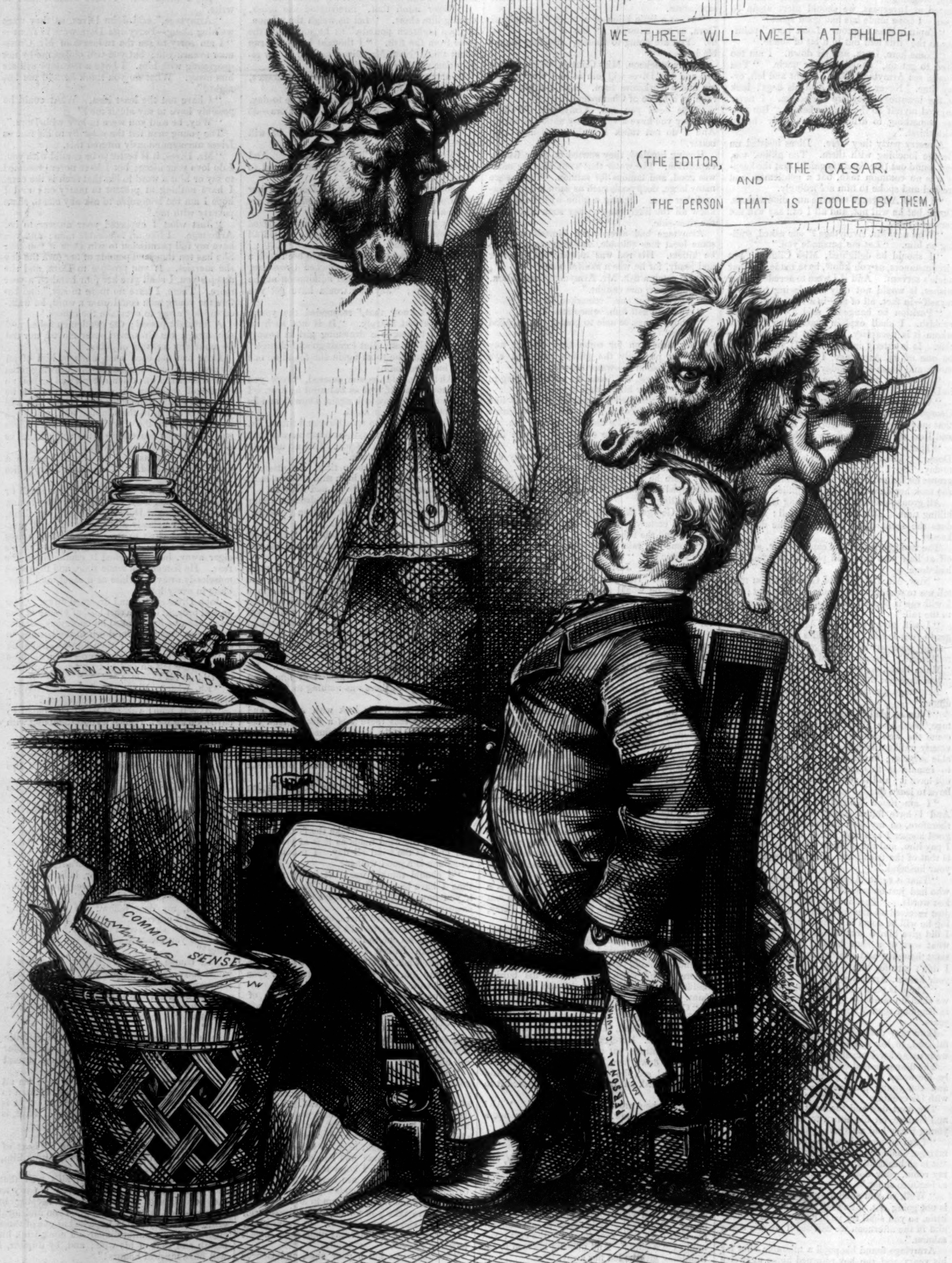
"Indeed it is not, Armytage."

"No, Dives, it is not often one is 'next of kin,' with sixty thousand pounds awaiting him, with back interest."

"Well, well," said Dives, "all's well that ends well. Here we are, as happy a party as can be. I have intrusted Dora's keeping to George—God bless him for a good son and loyal gentleman! By gad, I hope he has one of those cigars to give me after dinner. I must drink his health and that of his wife; and, by Jupiter, I will have musical honors!"

Seven people sat down to dinner that day in George's beautiful little cottage—Dives and his wife, Armytage senior and his wife, Armytage junior and his wife, and Perry, wifeless.

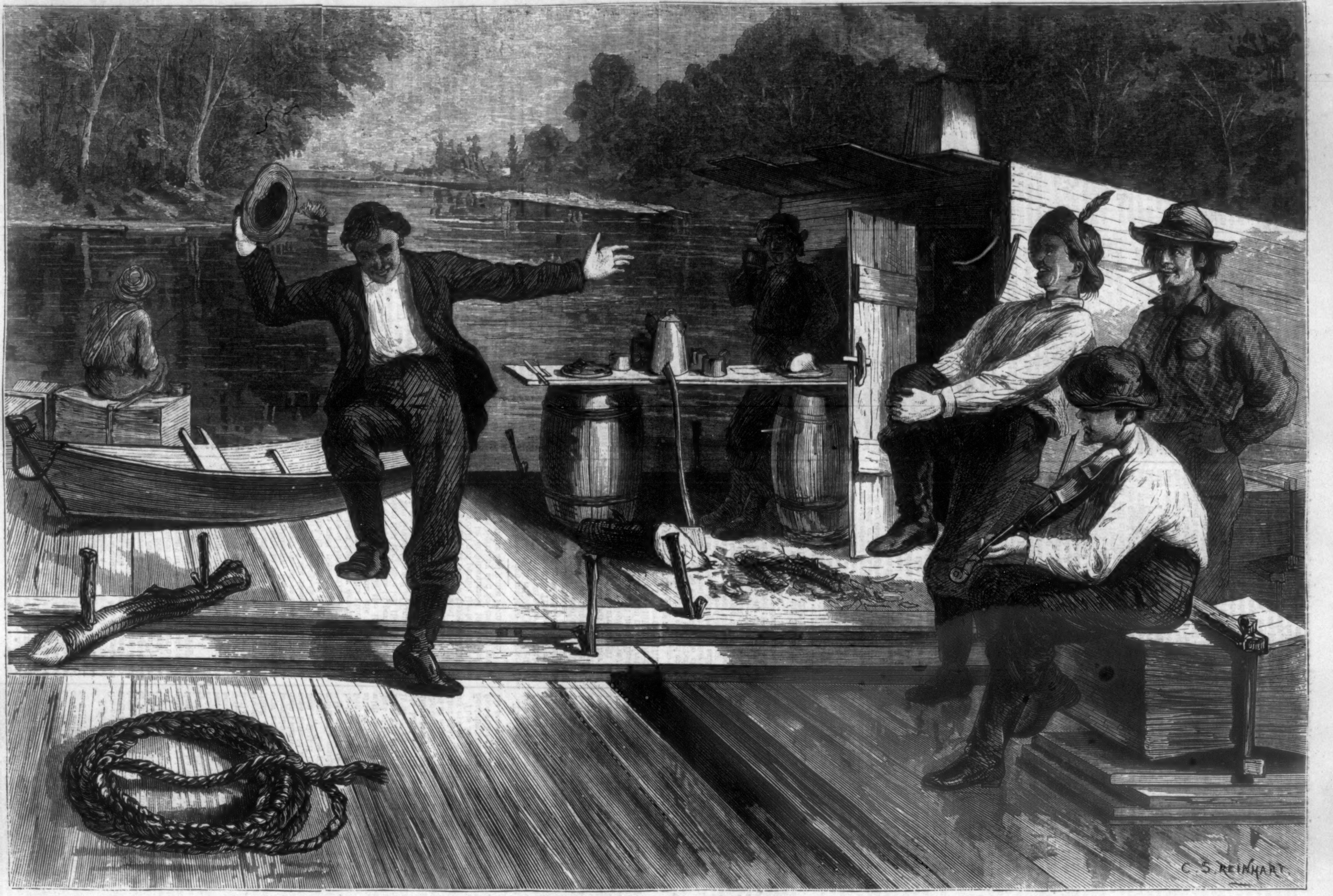
"God bless you, my boy!" said John Dives, closing his promised speech. "You will make a good husband; all good sons do. Dora has been more than a daughter to us. Many sought her—in town, at parties, at balls, and the devil knows where!—but she was 'won on the Highlands.'"



WE THREE WILL MEET AT PHILIPPI.
(THE EDITOR, AND THE CÆSAR.
THE PERSON THAT IS FOOLED BY THEM.
NEW YORK HERALD.
COMMON SENSE
PERSONAL COLUMN
MEDICAL COLUMN
Th. Nast

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
OF
JULIUSCÆSARTEMPESTMUCHADOABOUTNOTHINGCOMEDYOFERRORSASYOULIKEITALL'SWELLTHATENDSWELL.

James Brutus Bennett, Jun. "I think it is the dullness of the times that shapes this monstrous apparition. Art thou any thing? What do I see?"
The Ghost of Cæsarism. "What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own; do you?"


C. S. REINHART

LIFE ON A LUMBER RAFT.—[See Page 878.]

PERSONAL.

After a vacation of several months, a part of which was passed in European travel, Mr. Nast resumes the pencil with all his accustomed vigor and *esprit*. In addition to his new Almanac for 1874, and his regular contributions to *Harper's Weekly*, he will soon give the public a rare treat in his lectures on Caricature and Caricaturists, illustrated with extemporized sketches. Those who have witnessed the facile and astonishing powers of draughtsmanship and the keen scintillations of humor and fancy displayed by Mr. Nast at social gatherings for the entertainment of friends, predict for him a great success in his new *rôle*.

—When ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, our new minister to Russia, was in Paris recently, that jocular paper, *Figaro*, alluded to him as "Marshal of the American army." That grade remains to be established, and no better man to fill it could be found—in Connecticut—than the pinguid and popular gentleman alluded to.

—The Lord Mayor of London is a civic functionary whom it costs considerable, as we say, to "run." His present salary, derived from perquisites, is about $35,000, and it is proposed to increase the allowance to $50,000 per annum, to enable him to buy additional turtles and dispense $15,000 in increased hospitalities—mainly to commercial men and provincial municipal authorities.

—On Sunday evening, September 7, at the Fort William Henry Hotel, it occurred to a Providence (Rhode Island) man that the Mr. Hall, of London, then stopping at the house, was the celebrated Newman Hall, and that possibly a sermon might be got out of him. So the Providence (Rhode Island) man went hither and thither in pursuit of Mr. Hall, who was seldom seen in the house, but spent his time mostly out-of-doors, in the woods, on the mountains, in the dells, on the lake, with pencil and portfolio in hand (week-days), sketching, at which he is an adept. At length he was found trudging briskly along the highway, dressed in the pepper-and-salt costume of a traveler, and "interviewed." Successfully. But with admirable taste and tact he would permit no notice of his consent to be given at the other hotels or elsewhere, nor commence the services until half an hour after the regular time for evening service in the village churches. Then assembled the guests of the hotel, 150 in number, in its spacious parlor, and listened to one of the most eloquent sermons ever delivered in that region on "Prayer."

—The Governor-General of Canada, Earl Dufferin, sends, it is said, all his important dispatches by special messenger from Quebec to Ottawa, having scant confidence in the integrity of the Post-office officials.

—Senator Morton has stated publicly that he has in his possession a proposition from prominent capitalists in Holland to build a four-track railroad from the Atlantic coast to some point in the West, probably Indianapolis or Chicago, by private capital, without asking aid from the general or any State government.

—A gentleman who has been at Windsor, Vermont, says that Mr. William M. Evarts has his country residence there. He has bought several large old mansion-houses, and is the owner now of a considerable tract in the heart of the place. He buys whatever is next to him that is offered for sale, and has already several homes of former residents in his possession, including a well-stocked farm. On the farm is a trout pond. He has recently purchased the Baptist church. His family, that of one of his partners, and those of other New York friends, occupy neighboring places four or five months in the year. Mr. Evarts himself comes as leisure will allow. His numerous family find ample shade under the noble old trees, which almost cover the streets and houses. Indeed, the shade-tree business is rather overdone here. The gloom is too deep of a cloudy day, and of a stormy moonless night the darkness may almost be felt.

—In the Tichborne case Dr. Kenealy's speech occupied eighteen days in delivery, and the cost of holding the court during that time is said to have been $85,000. In the longest and most important trial ever held in this country—that of ex-President Johnson on articles of impeachment—the entire trial occupied only two months and three days, and the longest speech occupied less than three days. The counsel fees in that notable case were nothing in comparison to the enormous sums raised and paid to lawyers in the Tichborne trial. The fee of Mr. William M. Evarts, whose argument was the ablest delivered in the case, we have heard was only $10,000.

—The *Evening Post* is said to be owned in equal parts by Mr. William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Isaac Henderson, ninety-eight shares being divided between those gentlemen, and the two remaining shares being held by the daughters of those gentlemen.

—Adam and Charles Black, of London, are about to publish the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the most extensive and valuable work of the kind published in modern times. It will require an outlay of a million of dollars. The editor will be Mr. Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrews.

—M. Rochefort appears to have appreciated keenly his situation on leaving France for New Caledonia in company with a batch of fellow-Communists of very unclean and unattractive appearance. He is said to have remarked, as he looked upon them, "Alas! I have always advocated equality, and now I have got it."

—Speaking of the late Lewis Tappan, Henry B. Stanton says, naïvely, as to his moral daring, "Indeed, if you wanted to draw largely upon the energies and purse of Mr. Tappan in support of an enterprise, all you need do was to first satisfy him that it was clearly right, and then that it was very unpopular."

—Charles Mathews is in luck. Recently, in Australia, he met an old gentleman who had gone thither in search of health, to whom he did some kindly acts. Subsequently, in traveling, he met the old gentleman again, and finding him very ill indeed, made him the object of more attention than ever. At last the old man died, and from his will it appears that he has left Mr. Charles Mathews an annuity of $2500.

—In the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge* is given a humorous and sensible criticism of the heart-rending love-scenes witnessed in the agony parts of the opera: "But, oh!" writes she, "how comical it is to see those opera lovers, without a particle of love, grief, or any other emotion in their faces, evidently full of their song, and not a bit of their middle-aged or unpretty sweetheart, feign to stab themselves in desperation, plump down most inelegantly, warble away to the last, and two minutes afterward pick themselves up, and appear before the curtain to bow, and receive the claps and compliments of the audience!"

—In the Philadelphia *Press* of September 15 Colonel Forney publishes No. 10 of his new series of *Anecdotes of Public Men*, in which he does hearty justice to the ability and industry of his associate, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. The colonel says: "One learns to understand a man after sixteen years' trial, and Dr. Mackenzie is exactly the character to wear. He is among the best journalists alive. Quick, correct, regular, and varied in his gifts, he is a treasure in such an establishment as mine, and there is not a man or boy under my roof who does not like him. His range of acquaintance is almost as general as his knowledge. Social and humorous, sought out by all, and welcome in every circle, he has little of the Bohemian in his nature, and is as punctual in his business affairs as he is in his profession. He is a thorough cosmopolitan, never troubling himself about the religion or politics of others. Without being a Catholic, he has hosts of friends among the Catholic clergy, perhaps because he is an Irishman, and yet his long residence in England has given him so thorough an insight into English history and habits that he is as much of a favorite with John Bull. No St. Patrick's or St. Andrew's or St. George's dinner is complete without the doctor's speech or joke; and as he knows the 'wise stop,' no good wine ever passes him unsampled. Among the actors he is a sort of authority, and he can tell you anecdotes by the hour of the heroes of the sock and buskin, from Liston to John Brougham. Among authors and booksellers he is always at home, and though not without prejudices, he is as impartial in his reviews as he is accurate. His brother, J. Campbell Mackenzie, for many years the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, in Paris, and now one of the owners, is very like him in appearance and in love of newspaper work. Dr. Mackenzie is in his sixty-fifth year, in excellent health, and was never in better mental condition than he is today."

—From the peak of an exceeding high mountain—Kearsarge—in New Hampshire may be seen the birth-places of Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, William P. Fessenden, Governor John A. Dix, Vice-President Henry Wilson, Lewis Cass, ex-United States Senator James W. Grimes, of Iowa, United States Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, Levi Woodbury, Horace Greeley, General Benjamin F. Butler, ex-President Franklin Pierce, and Chief Justice Chase.

—A representative of the firm of Tiffany & Co., just returned from Europe, had a good opportunity of seeing the diamonds of the Shah, and says that notwithstanding their magnificence and profusion they are all "off-color," irregular, low-grade stones, not one of which would be considered a "gem" in New York; and this inferiority is characteristic of Oriental stones.

—Mr. James N. Blyth has done a curious book on *Beds and Bedding, Historical and Anecdotal*. The early-rising theory has several hearty thwacks, and we are gravely assured in the following stanza that the bed is a good place for literary composition:

> "Herodotus wrote most in bed;
> And Richerand, a learned physician,
> Declares the clock-work of the head
> Goes best in that reclined position."

—Certain opulent conservatives of Glasgow, having come to the conclusion that the time has arrived for the establishment of a great journal of their own party, have subscribed for that purpose one million of dollars. Among its owners are the famous Bairds, iron-masters of Glasgow (one of whom, Mr. James Baird, has just given the altogether unprecedented gift of five hundred thousand pounds to the Scotch Church), and the equally famous Ewings, "Turkey-red and calico printers." These gentlemen, having subscribed the money for the new paper, selected as the manager of the concern Mr. Frederick Wicks, of the London *Times*, and gave him *carte-blanche* to go ahead. The editor is to be Mr. B. H. Patterson, formerly of the *Standard*. It is to be of the size of the London *Times*, and is to be sold for two cents. Wherever Mr. Wicks has been able to find a first-class journalist who could be got for fifty per cent. advance on his present pay, he has secured him. Good journalistic talent was never in better demand than now, either in London, New York, or elsewhere.

—"How to do it" has been exemplified by Speaker Blaine's son Walker, and President Grant's two eldest sons, who have just made a pedestrian trip over the Alleghanies to Mr. Blaine's old home.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We expressed last week the opinion that the withdrawal of Roman Catholic children from the public schools of the city would not seriously affect the attendance upon them. Superintendent Kiddle reports that the attendance on the 3d of July last for all the public schools of the city was 69,414, and at the opening session, September 1, 77,776; on the 1st of September, 1872, 77,770, or six less than at the opening this year. The number would be farther increased if there were accommodation for new scholars.

The English pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial made their departure from London with considerable ceremony. On Monday, the 1st of September, they were addressed by Archbishop Manning at the pro-cathedral, Kensington, where a large audience was in attendance. On Tuesday, September 2, about five hundred left for France under the charge of Monseigneur Capel. No incident occurred except that as they were leaving the harbor of Newhaven some one shouted after them, "You are a disgrace to your country." Many of the pilgrims were ladies, some of them nearly, or quite, seventy years of age. About eight hundred in all assembled at Paris, which city they left early Wednesday morning, September 3. Of course the train broke down, and they were delayed, and equally of course there were more of them than the little village of Paray could accommodate. They were met at their destination by a long procession of French Catholics carrying lighted tapers. Dukes and lords were plentiful in the company, which was composed mostly of representatives of the educated classes.

Among the delegates expected to attend the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, in this city, is the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, an East Indian Brahmin. His history and person are thus described: "He is an ordained minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and he attended the General Assembly in May last as one of the representatives of the Presbytery of Bombay. Wearing as he did his Indian dress—a white turban and gay-looking sash and *toga*—he presented rather a marked contrast to the brethren who sat around him; but he spoke the English language with as much ease and propriety as any of them, and one could not listen to him long without seeing that he possessed all the culture of a college-bred European." Mr. Sheshadri has been laboring at Indapur, near the old Brahminical city of Puna, where he has gathered a company of twenty evangelists, all of whom are successfully engaged in propagating Christianity.

The complications of the church and state in Germany and Switzerland increase continually. The bishops have, without exception, refused "to submit the plans for their seminaries to the government," and the state has promptly carried out its law. The salaries contributed by the government to the chapter of Ermeland have been withdrawn, the Bishop of Fulda's schools have been closed, as also has been the priests' seminary of the Bishop of Posen, Ledochowski. The Bishop of Paderborn has issued a pastoral, in which he declares that there has been no such persecution of the Church since the days of Diocletian. The Bishop of Speyer has been fined for denouncing as concubinage the marriage in his diocese of a Protestant and Catholic without his sanction. In Bavaria the law banishing the Redemptorists has been so far relaxed as to permit members who declare that they have left the order to remain. The Grand Council of Geneva has passed by a large majority the law organizing Catholic worship. Under its provisions the people will have a voice in the appointment of their priests, which will be a revolution indeed. Father Hyacinthe has celebrated mass in the French language. It is now stated that Bishop Reinkens would not permit the fact of his consecration to be communicated to the Vatican court. Thus Germany and Switzerland are diverging daily more and more from Rome.

Two reports have been made to the Board of Education of this city in relation to the gift of public money to "corporate schools," hitherto classed as denominational. The majority report takes the ground that these schools, though under denominational management, allow of only secular instruction during school-hours, and do not come within the restrictions of the city charter. The majority of the committee, therefore, make the test question not whether the tenets of some particular sect are taught in a school, but whether *these are taught during certain hours*. The minority report insists that the law gives the Board of Education no discretion, and therefore no right, to make this distinction. As to the terms of the law, the seventy-fifth section of the city charter reads thus:

> "No money belonging to the city or city and county of New York, raised by taxation upon the property of the citizens thereof, shall be appropriated in aid of any religious or denominational school; neither shall any property, real or personal, belonging to said city or said city and county be disposed of to any such school, except upon the sale thereof at public auction, after the same has been duly advertised, at which sale said school shall be the highest bidder, and upon payment of the sum so bid into the city treasury; neither shall any property belonging to the city or city and county be leased to any school, except upon such terms as city property may be leased to private parties, after the same has been duly advertised."

The eighteenth section of the School act of the 3d of July, 1851, declares that

> "No school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school moneys in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practiced, or in which any book or books are used containing compositions favorable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any other religious sect."

It is very plain from this language that schools having denominational objects, or intended for the care of the children of any particular sect, are, in view of the law, "denominational schools." The distinction attempted to be set up by the committee of the Board of Education is not found in the city charter.

The bishops of the Church of England fare badly at the hands of the Romanizing party in the establishment. The journals of the party speak of the prelates whom they dislike in the most contemptuous terms. The Bishop of London is described by the *Church Times* as "the tool of every clique of Bumbles in his diocese." The *Church Herald* deplores "the intemperate and ignorant theological utterances of Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells." The *Church Review* gives the following account of the Anglican bishops in general: "They actually go knee-deep into the slaver poured forth by all the bad popular opinion of a heedless and unthinking public," and "put on the ragged garments which this evil popular opinion has provided for them."

The anti-ritualistic bishops, however, none the less speak out against confession and its cognate practices. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in a letter to the Dean of Gloucester, says: "I can now no longer hesitate to avow that recent facts have forced upon me a conviction which I have long been unwilling to entertain, viz., that there does exist in the Church of England a combined and organized party, the scarcely concealed object of which is the reversal of some at least of the leading principles of the Reformation, and a return to the principles and usages either of pre-Reformation times, or, at the very least, of that period of transition which preceded the first prayer-book. Such being my present conviction, my answer is prompt and unwavering—that I am prepared to use, as indeed I have done already, my whole moral influence in preserving in full integrity the principles of the Reformation, and more especially in discouraging and, so far as I am able, in repressing all extreme practices whensoever proper complaint may be made by the authorities or Church people of the parish." The Bishop of Chichester, in reply to a memorial on the subject, says, "I shall certainly discourage such confession as the Church of Rome prescribes and practices, and such direction of conscience as she employs." The Bishop of Lichfield has refused to license a clergyman of the extreme school to a charge in Wolverhampton. The Bishop of Durham has resolved to defend in the ecclesiastical courts the policy he has adopted of refusing to license curates who he has reason to believe will violate the law.

Farmers may be sharp theologians, as witness the evidence given by the objectors to the settlement of a pastor over a Scotch parish. One farmer objected to the minister's composition of a sermon, "He did not bring out the spiritual doctrine that he should have brought from the text." Another farmer deposed as follows: "I didn't love his discourse. I didn't think much good of him. He was paying close attention to what he was reading off o', and wasna looking through the church. He had one hand always on the paper, but whether he was pointing with his finger or not I couldna say. I heard him vera weel. He read the same as you and I or ony body would hae read a chapter, wi' little or ony alteration in his voice. I wasna altogether pleased with his manner. I dinna think I could esteem him for his works that I ever heard him do. I mean by his works his preachin' and readin' oot o' the pulpit. He didn't show by accent in his delivery any liveliness toward the congregation. My own intention is that if he be placed I winna be here very often." The witness further explained what a minister's manner should be like in the pulpit. "He should be a good lively speaker, and nae be tied to his book, and should be able to look frae ae en' o' the kirk to the ither, and try to attract his hearers." Such was not the case with the unfortunate minister who is the subject of the inquiry. He looked up "vera little. He micht hae geen a short glimpse up at a time. It was," added the witness, "my thocht he kept his hand on the book to keep his place. He didna every now and then look up and around the church. He might, for a second, have looked at a time at one end and anither time at the ither end. I watched him pretty close, and had my eye upon him."

This is almost equal to the traditional old Scotchwoman who was minded to throw her foot-stool at the minister's head because he read his sermon.

The *Jewish Chronicle* (London) of August 22 tells the strange story that "when the Shah was requested in Berlin to protect the Jews, a stern Persian in his suite, who had cross-examined the petitioners, informed them that the memorial should certainly reach the Shah, for he, the questioner, was a concealed Jew, though obliged to deny his faith." It has often been said that many nominal Catholics in Roman Catholic countries are really Jews, who maintain their national faith in secrecy for generations. The numerous conversions to Judaism in Austria in 1870 are explained in this way. It is claimed also that thousands of Catholic families in Spain are really of the Jewish creed.

Among the princely Americans should be mentioned Mr. Samuel A. Hitchcock, of Brimfield, Massachusetts, who has recently given $25,000 to complete the library building of the Congregational Association in Boston. This gentleman, who is now eighty years of age, and has devoted most of his life to active business, has bestowed on Amherst College $150,000; Andover Theological Seminary, $100,000, first and last; the High School at Brimfield, $85,000; Knox College, $25,000; Tabor College, $8000; besides the $25,000 now given to finish the capacious fire-proof room designed for the Congregational Library. Very properly, the directors of the association have determined that the library-room shall be known hereafter as Hitchcock Hall.

The progress of religious reform in Europe has reached Russia. Two changes of some importance have already been effected. Divorces have been taken from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, and can now be had by a decree of the civil judges. The other reform is the recognition by the state of dissenters from the Established Church. "Hitherto," says an English paper, "they have been registered as 'Orthodox,' but as they admit neither baptism nor marriage according to the rites of the State Church, they have been incapacitated from inheriting or bequeathing property by will." The dissenters number fifteen millions of people.

The American Baptist Publication Society, which completes the fiftieth year of its existence in May, 1874, proposes to celebrate that event by the erection of a building in Philadelphia, at a cost of $200,000. Of this amount nearly all has been secured. The sum of $100,000 will also be raised for the missionary work of the society.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Augustus Petermann has lately published an abstract of the general results of the *Polaris* expedition up to the date of the separation of the rescued crew, as embodied in the report of the Secretary of the Navy, in which he takes occasion to commend in the warmest terms the enterprise of the American government in fitting out the expedition, and of the Secretary of the Navy in taking measures for the relief of the *Polaris* and her party, and dwells earnestly upon the importance of the scientific results as actually accomplished up to the time when Sergeant Meyer, Captain Tyson, and others went adrift.

Petermann first mentions the amount of depreciation of this expedition, in part due to Dr. Walker, who was disappointed in not accompanying it, and in part to the alleged refusal on the part of the English geographical authorities to recognize the merit of any arctic expedition excepting those instituted and conducted by Great Britain. Whatever the prophecies as to the results, however, Dr. Petermann calls attention to the fact that the *Polaris* reached a latitude of 82° 16′, and that the party wintered in 81° 38′—the highest latitude previously attained by any other vessel being 81° 42′, by a Swedish ship, on the 19th of September, 1868, to the north of Spitzbergen. In the Greenland Sea region the highest latitude heretofore reached was 78° 37', being KANE's winter-quarters in Rensselaer Harbor.

He also remarks that the most northern winter-quarters of any European vessel was that of the Spitzbergen expedition of 1872-73, in Mossel Bay—namely, 79° 50'—while the American expedition wintered almost two degrees higher. He then makes a comparison between the results of the American exploration and those of the *Germania* and *Hansa*, under Captain KOLDEWEY, showing that his highest latitude was only 73° 31', and that Captain HALL sailed more than seven degrees of latitude farther north; and, moreover, that even at this latitude it was only the unfortunate incapacity or indisposition of Captain BUDDINGTON (who succeeded Captain HALL) that prevented the steamer from proceeding even beyond this, as it is quite probable that had Captain HALL lived he would have made a renewed effort, and doubtless would have reached a still higher point.

It is, however, according to Dr. PETERMANN, not merely the fact that an increased latitude was attained by Captain HALL's expedition, but also that an important and extended knowledge of the geographical features of the country, as well as its physical and biological characteristics, was achieved, and the whole is summed up by the assertion that, on the whole, this was in every respect a more important arctic voyage than any from the time of BAFFIN and BYLOT in 1816 to that of INGLEFIELD in 1852. He furthermore remarks that the great Swedish expedition, which was fitted out for reaching the north pole by means of sledges, and which wintered in 1872-73 in the north, did not get beyond one of the Seven Islands, in latitude 80° 45', finding the ice too thin for their sledges. The result was to involve the necessity of a speedy return of this latter expedition, having accomplished vastly less of its mission than had already been attained by the *Polaris*.

In regard to the discoveries made by the *Polaris* expedition along the land, Dr. PETERMANN remarks that the highest point previously attained by that route was by HAYES, in 81° 35', on the 18th of May, while the *Polaris* reached 82° 16', and from the top of a hill 1700 feet in height it was possible to view the land to a distance still farther to the north—estimated to be up to the eighty-fourth degree of north latitude. Dr. PETERMANN is of the opinion that the discoveries of the expedition favor the hypothesis of the northward extension of Greenland toward Behring Straits, consisting either of continuous land or of islands. The occurrence of drift-wood on Hall Land, as it is now to be called, he considers likely to prove that the southern fiord is actually continued across to Eastern Greenland (perhaps connected with Francis Joseph Fiord), and that through this or some similar channel the drift-wood is carried along. The doctor thinks the land discovered by the German North Polar Expedition in 1867 is almost continuous with that discovered by HALL in 82° 30'.

Dr. PETERMANN takes occasion to refute the prevailing idea of the dangers and perils of arctic exploration, calling attention to the very few cases of death by disease, starvation, or other calamity in the north, and comparing such explorations and their dangers with those connected with the efforts at African exploration. The commercial promise of the latter country may be greater than that of the former, but, so far as the general interests of science are concerned, we may safely assume that there is much less risk in proceeding toward the pole than in traversing the equatorial regions of Africa.

The article of Dr. PETERMANN was published under date of July 29, and is accompanied by a very well drawn map, which, while reproducing the sketch furnished by Sergeant MEYER, embraces also the discoveries of KANE, HAYES, and other authorities as far south as latitude 76°. This forms a valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge, and is one which has been much needed.

We gather the following summary of the weather for the week ending September 17 from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office. An area of high barometer, accompanied by decidedly low temperature and light to fresh northerly winds, developed in the Northwest, and passed to the southeastward off the South Atlantic coast. This was followed by a storm centre that was first apparent in the Upper Missouri Valley, after which it passed over the northern portion of the Lake region, causing a severe storm on Lakes Michigan and Huron. The rain-fall has averaged one inch or more over the Middle Atlantic and the Western Gulf States; elsewhere it has been but half an inch or less. The rivers have very generally fallen from four to twelve inches.

Professor CHARLES A. WHITE, State Geologist of Iowa, and late professor in the Iowa State University, has been appointed a professor in the new department of geology and mineralogy of Bowdoin College.

The latest news from the *Challenger*, according to *Nature*, is to the date of August 2, when the vessel left St. Vincent, off the Cape Verd Islands, for Bahia, with a view of making her fourth section across the Atlantic. As a part of the course of the *Challenger* lies along the coast of Africa to the southward, and as it is now the rainy season, it is suggested that there will be considerable discomfort experienced by those on board. It is stated that from the 15th of July a very successful month's cruise was accomplished, the details of which will be given very soon.

Advices have been received, under date of June 8, at Iliuliuk, from Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL, who is engaged in the exploration of the Aleutian Islands in behalf of the United States Coast Survey. This labor was commenced by him in the autumn of 1871, and he returned, toward the end of 1872, to San Francisco for the purpose of making up his report, and of obtaining a new vessel ordered for his use by the Survey. This having been completed, he left on the 2d of April, 1873, and after a rapid run arrived at Oonalaska on the 20th of May, making the quickest passage on record between the two points.

He reports that during the past winter, although one of the coldest recorded, the thermometer at Oonalaska did not fall below +10° F., but that the season of spring was fully a month behind the usual time, and that even as late as the 20th of May the field-ice in the Behring Sea entirely surrounded the fur-seal islands, and reached within one hundred and thirty miles of Oonalaska, a state of things unparalleled since 1851. On the third day the steamer succeeded in reaching St. Paul and St. George.

Since his arrival in Oonalaska Mr. DALL has been engaged in making astronomical and meteorological observations, in repairing old and erecting new signals, and in other work connected with his labors. He expected soon to leave for Attu and the other westernmost islands of the Aleutian group, where he has, as a special duty, the selection of a landing station for the new American and Asiatic cable.

Among other incidents of his passage, Mr. DALL reports that about the 17th of May the waters to the south of Oonalaska were swarming with the eggs of cod-fish, floating like little pearls about six inches below the surface of the water.

A valuable contribution has lately appeared in PETERMANN's *Mittheilungen* in the form of a report of Dr. BERNSTEIN's journeys in the Moluccas, which region he visited, under the auspices of the government of the Netherlands, for the purpose of making zoological collections for the National Museum at Leyden. Starting in 1861, he was engaged for about three years, during which he visited Halmahera, Batchan, and Waigou, to the northwest of New Guinea. A second engagement, also of three years, was entered into by him, during which he visited New Guinea, but became broken down by the climate, and was obliged to return. The zoological collections made by Dr. BERNSTEIN have been very rich, and have added much to our knowledge of the fauna of the region referred to. These consisted largely of birds, but embraced also many other objects of natural history.

An Agassiz Natural History Club was organized at Penikese Island among the students of the summer school of natural history during its session, of which Mr. SOLON F. WHITNEY is president, and Miss A. E. JOHNSON and Professor J. TINGLEY are vice-presidents.

We welcome among the ranks of natural history journals in the United States a new periodical, edited by Mr. CHARLES HALLOCK, entitled *Forest and Stream*. The first number of this handsomely printed quarto, of large size, and intended to appear weekly, contains several interesting communications from officers of the United States army and navy, and numerous suggestions in connection with practical natural history. It is intended to be more especially the organ of the sportsman, whether hunter or fisherman, and will, to a certain extent, occupy a portion of the ground of the famed *Spirit of the Times*, especially as it was under the editorship of Colonel PORTER.

There has long been a need of precisely such a journal as this in the United States, and we trust that it will meet with such a measure of support as to secure its permanency. It will contain a special column of military and naval news, which, of course, will give it an additional interest to officers in these branches of the service.

We chronicled some months ago the transmission to New Zealand, by the ship *Oberon*, of a cargo of salmon eggs packed in ice, the vessel leaving London on the 20th of January, 1873. The *Oberon* arrived at Otago, in New Zealand, on the 2d of May, and on opening the boxes a large number of the eggs were found to be dead. Of the 100,000, however, about 15,000 to 20,000 appeared to be alive, and it was hoped that at least six to ten thousand would be hatched out. These were sent to a hatching establishment near Christchurch and placed in the boxes.

The expense of this experiment amounted to about $4000. At the time of the shipment some eggs of the same lot were placed in an ice-house belonging to the Wenham Lake Company, and when unpacked on the 5th of May were found to contain living embryos, after having been kept in ice for 112 days.

It is hoped that the salmon experiment in New Zealand will meet with the same success as that of the introduction of trout eggs into the same country, the proceeds of which, in the form of fish, have been taken, weighing, in some instances, five pounds.

When the boxes containing the salmon eggs were opened great differences were found among them as to the health of the contents; in some the percentage of deaths being very great, while in others it was much less. The greatest loss was in boxes packed with coarse brown moss, such as was taken from woods; the fresher and more green and soft moss, such as grows on the boles of trees, seeming to be very much more favorable for the preservation of the eggs. In one case only sixteen living eggs were obtained from a lot of three boxes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT this season, when fruit trees in the country are laden with their fragrant burdens, and city markets are crowded with every variety of apples, pears, plums, and grapes, some special interest is naturally felt in the recent quarter-centennial exhibition at Boston of the American Pomological Society. The first national assemblage for the exclusive consideration of pomological subjects met at Buffalo in September, 1848, and resulted in the formation of a society whose object should be the dissemination of accurate knowledge of American fruits, and a consideration of the best means of improving fruit culture, by preserving those varieties which were valuable, discarding those that were worthless or inferior, and propagating fine new varieties adapted to different sections of the country. Since that time a great revolution has taken place. A general interest has been awakened in fruit culture; information on the subject is widely circulated by the press; from the rich soil of the great West there comes each year a golden harvest; and the constant tendency is toward perfection in American fruits. Formerly cultivators were obliged to rely mostly on imported varieties for their best fruits, but these are gradually disappearing, and their places being filled by those of American origin. Of the forty-three kinds of plums in the catalogue of the Pomological Society more than half are of American origin. Of fifty-eight kinds of peaches more than two-thirds are American, and, in fact, very few others are much in cultivation. Of the nineteen kinds of strawberries all but three are American. Of thirty-one varieties of hardy grapes all are American. The catalogue contains 151 varieties of these fruits, and with the exception of thirty-seven all are of American origin. In 1848 there were only fifty-four varieties of fruit recommended by the society, now the catalogue gives the names of 577 approved kinds, while a list of 625 rejected varieties shows that an important work has been accomplished in testing fruits. There is no question but that with the general progress of the age, our taste for finer fruits has been cultivated to a higher standard than formerly existed, and old-time varieties that were highly praised are now set aside as of indifferent or medium quality. As we enjoy our abundant supply of the luscious products of the orchard, it is worth while to bear in mind the great industry in which so many of our people are engaged, and whose advancement is so important to the welfare of the country.

By an act of Congress, passed about ten years ago, the several States were invited to furnish statues, in marble or bronze (not to exceed two for each State), of citizens illustrious for their patriotism or distinguished services, to be placed in the old hall of the House of Representatives, which was set apart as a National Statuary Hall. The first of the contributions from New York State has just arrived at Washington. It is of George Clinton, distinguished for his services during the Revolution, Governor of the State of New York, and Vice-President of the United States. It is in bronze, six and a half feet high, and the work of H. K. Browne, of Newburgh. The second statue will be of Edward Livingston, an early Representative of New York in Congress, author of the penal code, and Secretary of State under Jackson. It is now being executed in marble by the sculptor Palmer, who is in Italy.

The police magistrates of London have summoned before them several poor persons accused of not sending their children to school, and informed them that the rebellious would be sent to the industrial schools, and their parents be required to maintain them there.

Twelve years ago the first export sale of petroleum amounted to 250 barrels. In 1872 the export amounted to 150,000,000 gallons, and this year a much larger quantity will be exported.

Connecticut sends us the last and most wonderful snake story. A farmer working in his field saw a large black-snake lying dormant. He struck the reptile with a rake, when, to his astonishment, a large striped snake ran out of its mouth. He struck the striped one, when out of its mouth ran thirteen short snakes. Alarmed at this astonishing multiplication of snakes, he stopped hitting them, but is convinced he might have increased the number indefinitely.

Certainly it must be for the business interest of New York and Brooklyn that the principal streets leading from one city to the other be well paved, thoroughly cleaned, and rendered in every possible way pleasant and agreeable. Fulton Street is a general thoroughfare between two great and busy cities. Some improvements in its aspect have recently taken place in the removal of sundry unsightly booths and stalls. But who can say the walk up and down Fulton Street is even comfortable? The sidewalks are crowded with all sorts of merchandise, and littered with the *débris* resulting from careless packing of all kinds of commodities. Not unfrequently foot-passengers are turned into the street because the sidewalk is used as a packing-room. Would any other notable city in the world allow one of its chief approaches to be so needlessly encumbered?

A remarkable scene was recently witnessed in a Connecticut court-room. Two brothers, who had for years been on unfriendly terms, at length came to blows, and each complained to a justice. Both were found guilty of a breach of the peace, and both appealed. In the Superior Court one was found guilty, and the jury disagreed about the other. The judge talked with them both in the most serious manner, showing how both were to blame, and what great folly it was to indulge in such disputes, and go to law about them. Then he appealed to them both to be friends hereafter, and turning to one, he put the question solemnly as in a marriage service, "You, ——, do promise on your part that you will be friends in the future with your brother?" The response came ringing out, "I will." Then to the other the judge put the same question, "You, ——, do promise," etc., to which came an equally prompt "I will." "Then shake hands!" said the judge, and as they did so there was not a dry eye in the court-room. One of the brothers sobbed out, "By the blessing of God I will try and live peaceably with my brother." The other signified the same. "Then," said the judge, addressing the one who had been found guilty, "I impose upon you the lightest sentence of the court, one dollar, and I discharge your bond." If judges and lawyers also would more often use their influence to conciliate opposing parties, the world would be the better. But unfortunately most lawyers feel that they can not afford to be peace-makers.

Rev. Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, has discoursed at length on the general subject of lying. He treats in particular upon the business lie, the social lie, the professional lie, and the newspaper lie. He illustrates the latter head by stating that, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, he did not shoot a single deer this season at the Adirondacks.

Persia already begins to exhibit a new order of things, the result of many circumstances, one of which doubtless is the Shah's recent visit to Europe. A more enlightened policy has been adopted in some respects, a strong desire for religious liberty prevails, and many Persians show special interest in the study of the Bible. The wheat harvest has been quite good this year, and the price of bread is sensibly reduced.

Political orators at the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen:

> "Build a worm-fence around the winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a tea-spoon; catch a thunder-cloud in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-sluice an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles."

Now that the huge cotton balloon has burst and is quite past mending, it is rumored that a silk balloon is to be constructed during the next winter, so as to be all ready for Professor Wise to ascend in it when summer comes again. There is also a story that a small silk balloon is to be made immediately for the use of Mr. Donaldson, who will be ready to take his departure in October. Evidently cotton balloons are in disfavor just at present; and the grand collapse, with all its attendant circumstances, may prove to be as beneficial to science as the transatlantic voyage could have been. Certainly several valuable lessons may be learned by apt scholars from the untimely fate of the great gas-bag.

Several London milk dealers have been recently summoned before a magistrate for adding water to their milk. Each one was fined $25 and costs.

Official inquiry made by the English government shows that more than three-fifths of the accidents to shipping of that country occur through gross carelessness. Yet, by comparing the losses of steamers during the last four years, it appears that although there has been a great increase in the number of vessels each year, the aggregate losses are about the same, which indicates that travel by steam on the water is really becoming safer. This is doubtless due to constant improvements in methods of navigation, and to increased carefulness on the part of those in command of vessels.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CHAP who in some mysterious manner had received a bid to a large and fashionable party was somewhat disconcerted on finding that he was not acquainted with a single person present, nor a double one either. Finally he perceived an elderly gentleman of a disconsolate mien looking over a photographic album. Our hero made for this party of the second part and said, "I say, you and I don't seem to know any body here. Let's go home." It was the head of the house.

A Wisconsin boy puts a sheep-skin shirt on when he expects a "licking" from the school-teacher, and the teacher is amazed at the way that boy can hold out before he hollers.

Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I feel the savage bite
  Of skeeters buzzing round me.

"What's the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man the other day of a friend. "Oh, you ought to try it once to see!" was the reply.

An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato-bug. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn field, and started for other scenes.

A facetious Massachusetts grocer announces on a placard at the door, "A fresh invoice of choice lickers," when he receives a new lot of smoked tongues.

A young student wants us to tell him, if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" cried a celebrated tragedian. "Wouldn't a jackass do as well?" inquired an affected young man, rising in his seat. "Yes," triumphantly exclaimed the actor; "just step up this way, Sir." The young man sat down.

A "honey-moon car" is now on the Pacific Railway for the purpose of bridal parties. It has a comely as well as a honey-combly appearance; is full of sweets and is full of sells.

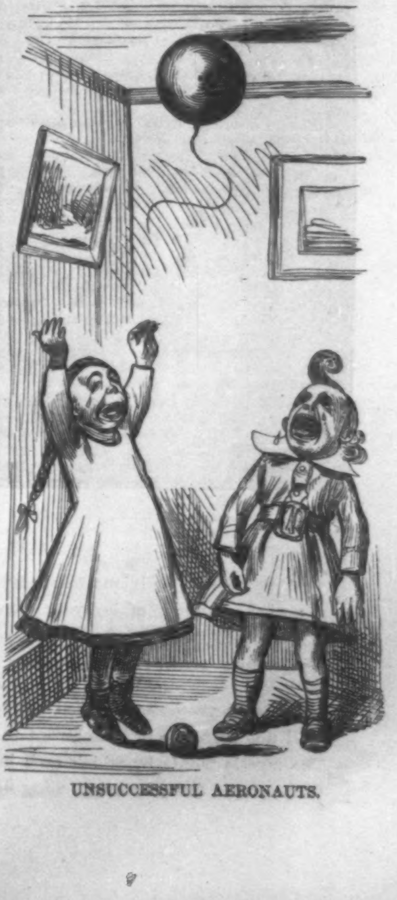
A merchant who has a class in Sunday-school asked, "What is solitude?" and was visibly disturbed when a miserable boy answered, "The store that don't advertise."

Scene in court:

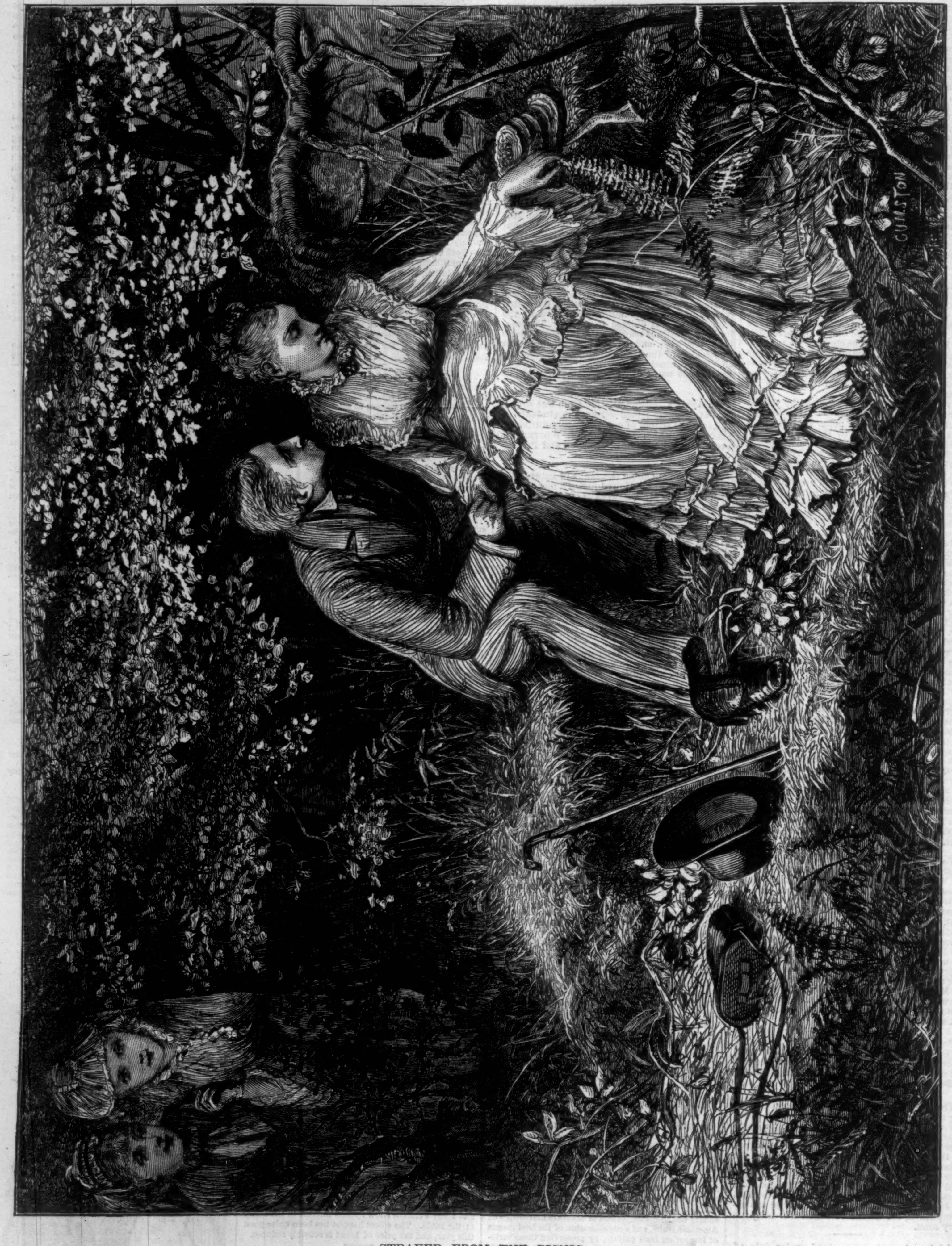
JUDGE. "Have you any thing to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?"

PRISONER. "No, judge; I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

Old Deacon N——, having occasion to spend the night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent the deacon from falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, and gave a hideous groan—and became silent. The deacon had thought the third gentleman asleep until at this juncture he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank Heaven, he's dead!"



UNSUCCESSFUL AERONAUTS.



STRAYED FROM THE PICNIC.

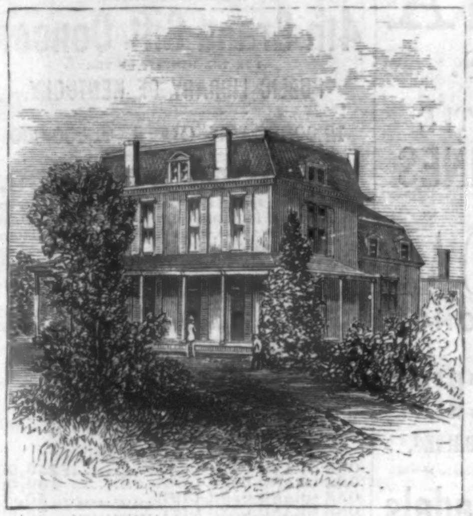
STRAYED FROM THE PICNIC.

O happy souls! oblivious to all save Cupid's teaching,
To what sublimity of joy your secret thoughts are reaching,
As from the "common herd" afar young Love has slyly brought you,
To practice 'neath the greenwood's shade the lessons he has taught you!

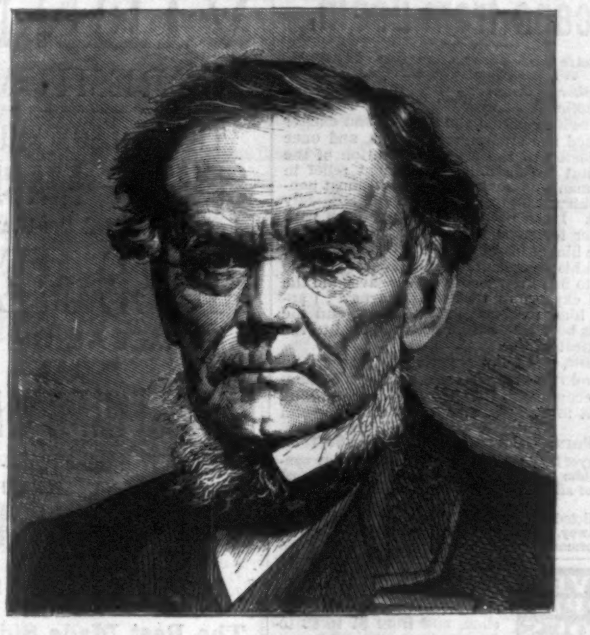
How know ye that the grand old trees, like sentinels above you,
Will not betray your watchword to the wanton breeze?—"I love you!"
The mystic words by which each heart may pass to meet the other,
While Cupid fans the brightening flame which naught on earth can smother.

Alas! alas! some thoughtless bird must surely have betrayed you;
The silence sweet, the solitude, no longer now may aid you;
For roguish hearts and roguish eyes your hiding-place discover,
And many a jest and laugh await the hapless maid and lover.

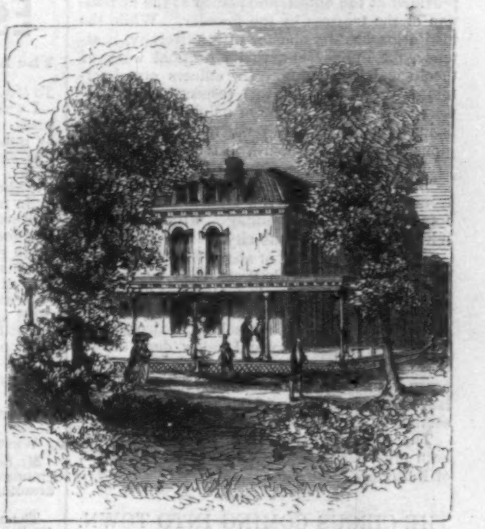
"Strayed from the picnic," one fine day, a foolish youth and maiden,
Whose hearts, we fear, with Cupid's shafts are sorely overladen.
Strayed from the picnic, far away! Who knows where we may find them,
And bring their soaring fancies down to things of earth behind them?



HOUSE OF THE PRESIDENT, DR. HURST.



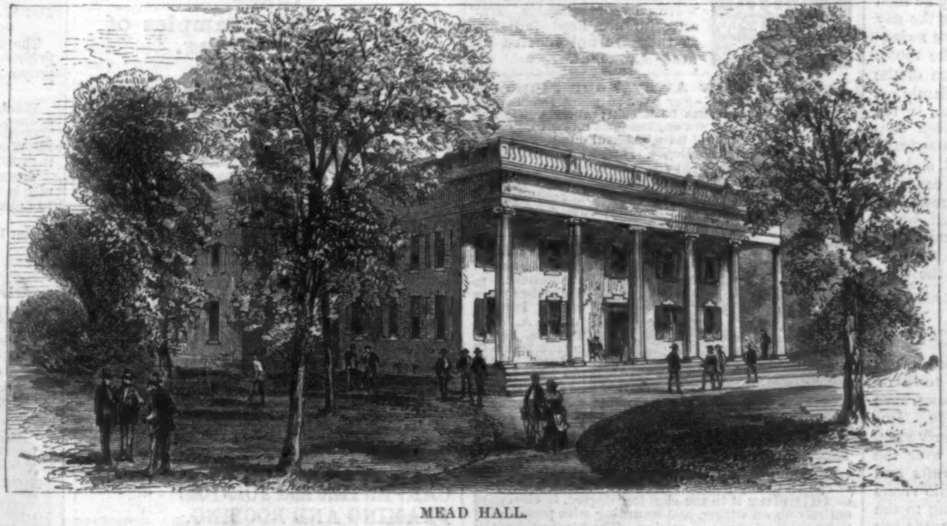
DANIEL DREW.



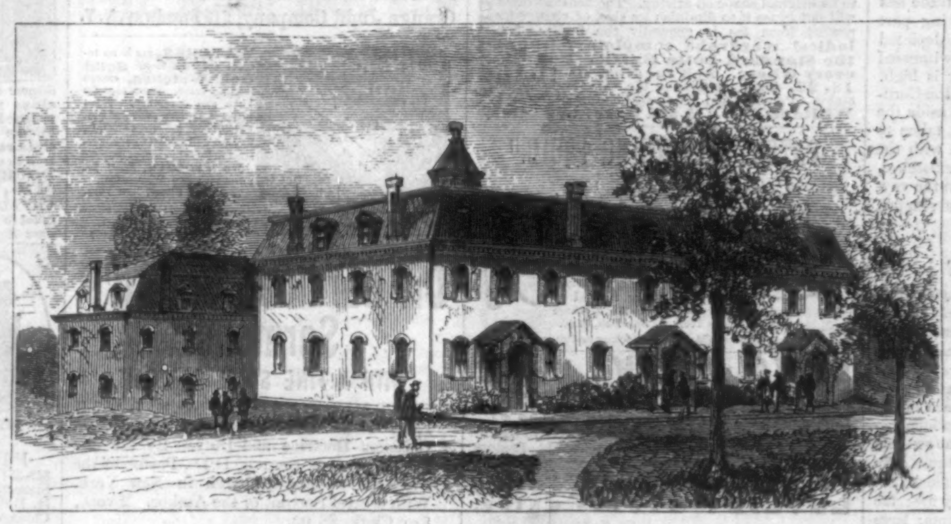
DR. KIDDER'S RESIDENCE.

THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Drew Theological Seminary is the chief educational result of the great centenary movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the year 1866. It was proposed by the leading minds in that Church to improve the general feeling of thankfulness for its century of wonderful success by laying broader and deeper foundations for its future usefulness, especially in the educational department. The proposition of Mr. Daniel Drew, of New York, to found a theological school in or near the metropolis by the gift of five hundred thousand dollars took the American Church, and indeed the whole country, by surprise. The benefaction was the first of its magnitude in the country, and has prompted others of similar character. This sum was afterward increased by nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The generous overture was gladly accepted, and Mr. Drew, after personally inspecting other theological institutions throughout the country, consented to the location of the school in Madison, New Jersey. The valuable property known as "The Forest," belonging to the Gibbons estate, was purchased. The stately Gibbons mansion was found to be as well suited for the purposes of the seminary as if expressly built for it. The necessary additional buildings were arranged for, and the architect, Mr. S. D. Hatch, of New York, engaged at once in their erection. The school was formally opened on the 6th of November, 1867, with the Rev. J. M'Clintock, LL.D., as President and Professor of Practical Theology, and the Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., as Professor of Historical Theology. Several of the bishops and a large number of distinguished clergymen and laymen from all parts of the country participated in the exercises. From the first the number of the students has been annually increasing, and at present the rooms are hardly sufficient for their accommodation.



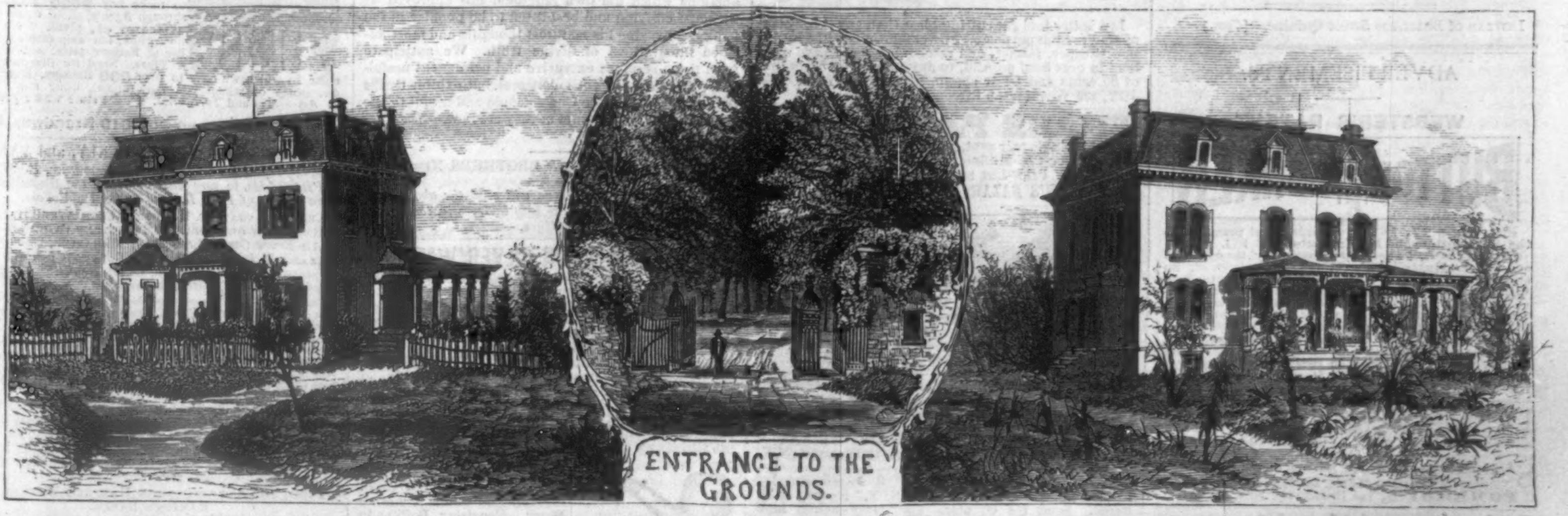
MEAD HALL.



ASBURY AND EMBURY HALLS.

The main building, known as Mead Hall, is a large and imposing brick edifice, about 150 feet long and 100 feet wide, of the Ionic style of architecture. It contains the library, chapel, reading-room, and the offices and lecture-rooms of the professors. Its original cost was very great, and in consequence of the superior quality of its materials and the workmanship, it seems as complete and substantial as at the beginning. It is heated with steam throughout, and is in every respect adapted to its various uses. Asbury Hall, in the Elizabethan style, was prepared solely for the use of students. Each room is tastefully supplied with carpet, full set of oak furniture, and every appliance needful for the comfort of the occupants. Embury Hall contains the boarding-house of the students, who, by their committees, direct their boarding matters, subject only to the supervision of the faculty. This building contains also the Society Hall and the residence of the janitor and matron, and a number of additional rooms for students. The houses of the professors were erected at the cost of about $20,000 each. It was Mr. Drew's purpose to make these houses thoroughly convenient and comfortable, and it was fully accomplished. Each house has connected with it about three acres of land, with requisite out-buildings. The grounds of the seminary are ample, amounting to about one hundred acres. They are laid out with great taste and attractiveness, the original model being one of the finest of the English baronial estates.

The first president of the institution, Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, was removed by death; the second, Rev. Dr. Foster, resigned after his election to the episcopacy. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. Dr. Hurst, who was elected in May last. The Faculty consists, at present, of the President, who retains his chair of Historical Theology; Dr. James Strong, Professor of Exegetical Theology; Rev. Dr. Kidder, Practical Theology; Rev. Professor Buttz, Biblical Greek and New Testament Literature; Rev. Dr. Miley, Systematic Theology; and Rev. Professor Whiting, Adjunct Department of Ancient Languages. In addition to this corps of regular instructors it has been announced that arrangements have been made for teaching in future the Arabic and Syriac languages, besides German, Spanish, and Italian—the latter group as an adaptation to the new requirements of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A series of lectures will be delivered in future, every term, by representative men, not only of the Methodist, but of other denominations. The students are exempt from all expenses except the items of board and fuel. The cost of instruction, rooms, and other necessaries is met by the endowment


ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS.

DR. STRONG'S RESIDENCE.

DR. MILEY'S RESIDENCE.

THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, AT MADISON, NEW JERSEY.

provided at the outset, and placed at the disposition of the trustees by the founder. While the institution has the charter of a university, it attends, for the present, to its original work of theological instruction. Its officers are determined to develop it in this respect to the highest possible status. One of its chief advantages is its location in one of the most healthful regions along our sea-board, in the midst of beautiful scenery, and surrounded by a community of high Christian culture. It is easy of access from New York, and the students have therefore all the positive advantages, without the disadvantages, of life in the city.

The library consists of about 15,000 volumes, and was selected with great care by its first president. It contains important literary treasures, which were industriously gleaned in various parts of Europe. In hymnology, lexicography, history, serials, and several other departments it is very rich. Dr. M'Clintock's personal library has been purchased very recently by a few ladies in New York, and incorporated with the seminary.

The drawings from which our sketches have been prepared were made by Mr. E. H. Smith, of Baltimore, Maryland.

THE CIRCUS COMING INTO TOWN.

The arrival of a circus at a country village is an event of immense interest and excitement. For weeks previous the fences have been covered with flaming posters, representing the most wonderful and impossible feats of gymnastics and horsemanship, and the whole village is eager to witness the grand entry. By daylight on the appointed day groups of excited boys may be seen trudging along the dusty roads to meet the gay cavalcade, and others, less impatient, are swinging on every farm-house gate along the route. What excitement greets the appearance of the "triumphal car," drawn by eight brilliantly caparisoned horses, and what a wonder is the driver, who handles the reins with such consummate ease and skill! How the fantastically dressed and painted clown is admired, and the cunning trick-ponies that prance and caper by his side! All this is graphically suggested by the illustration on our first page this week, which represents the circus cavalcade just making a tour of a village, to attract patrons to the performance to be held in the tent on the open ground outside.

LIFE ON A LUMBER RAFT.

That region of country on the upper waters of the Alleghany River of which the town of Olean is the commercial centre has long been famous for its flourishing lumber trade. Immense quantities of lumber are felled every year, and either transported to New York over the Erie Railroad or formed into huge rafts and floated down the Alleghany and the Ohio rivers to the Mississippi. Of late years, owing to the reckless destruction of the forests, this trade has greatly diminished, especially the rafting part of it; but still such scenes as the one depicted in our illustration on page 873 may be witnessed on the river in seasons when the water is high. Many of the lumbermen are Indians of the Cornplanter tribe, who have long since laid aside the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and taken to civilized ways of life. Floating down with the current is not a very exciting mode of existence, and the jolly lumbermen seek to enliven the voyage by spinning long yarns, dancing, and singing, as represented in our artist's drawing.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

Has cured more wonderful cases of rheumatism, aches, pains, swellings, frost-bites, caked-breasts, burns, scalds, salt-rheum, etc., upon the human frame, and strains, spavin, galls, etc., upon animals in one year than all other pretended remedies have since the world began. The recipe of the Liniment and certificates of remarkable cures accompany each bottle, and will be sent gratis to any one. It is no humbug. There is no pain which it will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, or lameness it will not cure. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. White Wrapper for family use; the Yellow Wrapper for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles, $1 00. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Instead of Bitter use Sweet Quinine.—[*Com.*]

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Science of Health. FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE at $2 00 a year; or, on trial Six Months $1 00. S. R. WELLS, 389 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Escape from Death.

The Knife and Strangulation—How D. W. Sawyer was Saved.

To the Editor of the Sun:

I was afflicted for over thirty years with rupture. I twice endured the anguish and danger of inflamed and strangulated hernia, and once was subjected to the critical operation of the knife. But having found permanent relief in Dr. Sherman's method of cure, I feel most happy in making it known to others unfortunately ruptured. I had been in correspondence with the doctor for some three years, intending to go to see him at his office, 697 Broadway, N. Y., to obtain his treatment, but fortunately for me his visit to San Francisco last year saved me the time and expense of that long journey. I applied to him, received his treatment, and the result has been that I have been restored to the most perfect health.

And now, with my experience in regard to trusses and rupture, I feel it my duty to humanity to recommend Dr. Sherman's system of treatment to every one who hopes for a sound body. D. W. Sawyer.

West Point, Calaveras Co., Cal., Aug. 20, 1873.

Mr. Sawyer is an old subscriber of ours, and we congratulate him on his success, rupture being the most dreadful of all afflictions.—*Editors Sun.*

The afflicted can consult Dr. Sherman at his office, 697 Broadway. His book on rupture, containing valuable information, mailed for 10 cents.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES The strong point about them is simply this, they add 5 cents to the cost of a shoe, and from $1 to $2 to its wearing value.

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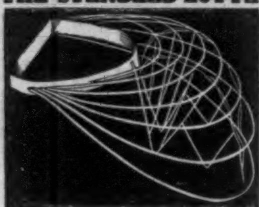
THE STANDARD LOTTA BUSTLE.



A diploma has been awarded by the American Institute to A. W. Thomas, Patentee & Manufacturer for the **lightest, strongest, most durable, comfortable, elastic, and cheapest Bustle in the market.** The wearer can sit in any position whatever without bending or **injuring** it in the slightest degree, it closing entirely up on sitting, and returning with precision to its original shape on arising. The heaviest dress will not cause it to diminish its size, or change its perfect form (as is generally the fault). **No ladies' wardrobe complete without the Standard Lotta Bustle. For sale every where. Ask for Nos. 10, 11, 15, 18, 22, &c.,** comprising the various sizes and styles. Patentee and Wholesale Manufacturer, **91 White St., N.Y.; & 801 Race St., Phila.**

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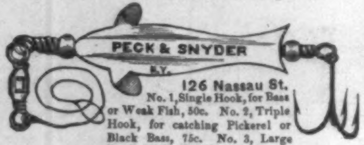

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Only Sixty thousand tickets will be sold. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts.

At this Concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

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divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
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ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

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Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

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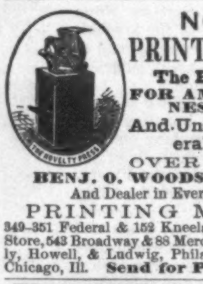

are the **most beautiful** *in* **style** *and* **perfect** *in* **tone ever made.** *The* **CONCERTO STOP** *is the* **best ever placed in any Organ.** *It is produced by a third set of reeds* **peculiarly voiced,** *the* **EFFECT** *of which is* **MOST CHARMING** *and* **SOUL STIRRING,** *while its* **IMITATION** *of the* **HUMAN VOICE** *is* **SUPERB.** *Terms liberal.*

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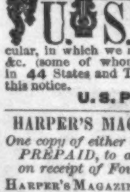

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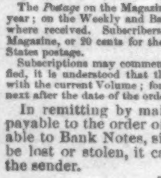

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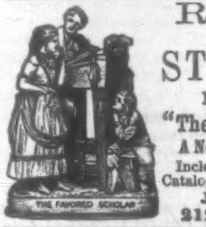

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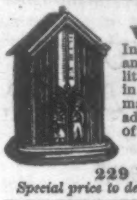

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1873.

Contents:

A LADY'S ENTERPRISE.
  Illustrations.—Poultry House on Wheels, Transverse Section.—The Poultry House and Grounds at Belair.—The Egg-Room.—Crève-Cœur Cock.—Crève-Cœur Hen.—Houdan Cock.—Houdan Hen.—Flèche Cock.—Flèche Hen.—Bréda Hen and Cock.—Dorking Cock.—Dorking Hens.—Nankin Cock.—Nankin Hen.—The Epinette.
L'ENVOI AND SONG. By Alfred H. Louis.
GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.—(*Third Paper.*)
  Illustrations.—Castle of Europe and Village within its Walls.—The City of Sebastopol as it now is.—Malakoff.—Circassian Arms.—Tiflis.—Grand Duke Michael.—Pass of Dariel.—Schamyl's Village, Guinib.—Cossacks.—Moscow.—Great Bell at Moscow.—Great Gun at Moscow.—Statue of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg.—Emperor Alexander II.—Gortschakoff.—Grand Duke and Grand Duchess.—Statue of Nicholas I., St. Petersburg.
THE LORDSHIP OF CORFU—A LEGEND OF 1516. By Paul H. Hayne.
THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.
  Illustrations.—The Hampton Institute; the new Building.—Teachers' Home and Girls' Quarters.—Walls of St. John's Church.—Chapel and Farm Manager's House.—Winter-Quarters in front of Institute.—Negro Cabin at Hampton.—Lion and John Solomon.—The Printing-Office.—Girls' Industrial Room.—Reading-Room.—The Assembly-Room.—Ball Club.
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THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By Emilio Castelar.—(*Tenth Paper.*)
SEMPER FIDELIS. By Annie Chambers Ketchum.
A LOSS TO THE PROFESSION.
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.
THE JUDICIAL RECORD OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
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EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The October Number of Harper's Magazine, contains Twenty-one Contributions, besides the Editorial Departments, with over Sixty Illustrations. Colonel Audenried's splendidly illustrated description of General Sherman's European tour is concluded; the remarkable poultry establishment of the Baroness de Linas, at Belair, France, is described and illustrated; there is an illustrated paper on the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for Freedmen; a description of a Tobacco Factory, profusely illustrated by W. L. Shepard; and a beautifully illustrated paper on Mauritius, prepared from Colonel Pike's "Sub-tropical Rambles," recently published.

The "Recollections of an Old Stager," and Emilio Castelar's "Republican Movement in Europe" are continued. General R. B. Marcy contributes some interesting anecdotes of Detective Pinkerton; and there is a very timely and interesting review of the Judicial Record of Chief-Justice Chase by John S. Benson.

Charles Reade's Novel "A Simpleton," is concluded in this Number, and is to be followed in November with a thrilling serial story, entitled "The Living Link," by the author of "The Dodge Club," characteristically illustrated by W. L. Shepard. In an early Number will be commenced "My Mother and I," A Love Story for Girls, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

There are three interesting short Stories in this number—one of them illustrated—and five excellent Poems.

The five Editorial Departments are full of entertainment and instruction. The Editor's Historical Record—a department maintained from the earliest number of the Magazine, and the only monthly summary of events that is anywhere published—steadily improves in the scope and thoroughness of its treatment. George William Curtis will resume the Easy Chair in the November Number, which will also contain the first of a series of papers by Charles Nordhoff, descriptive of the Pacific Coast.

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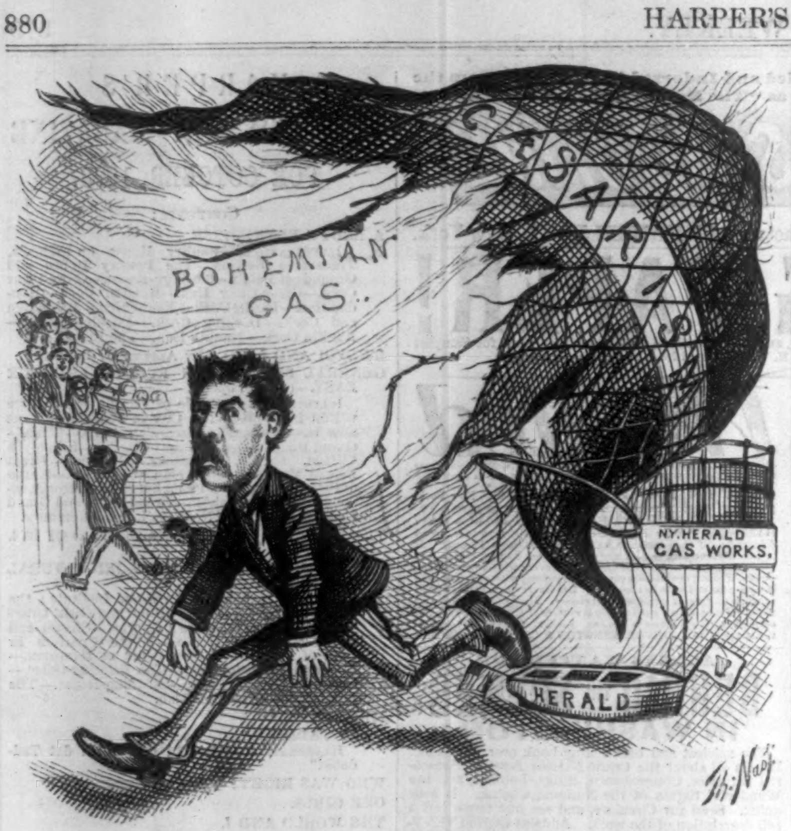

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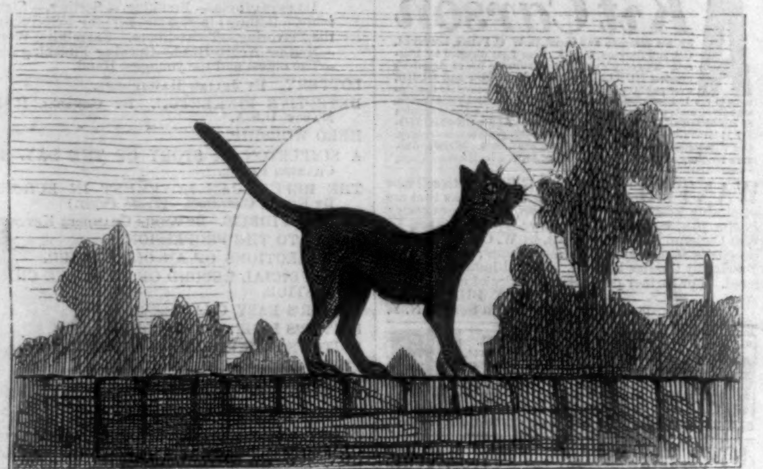

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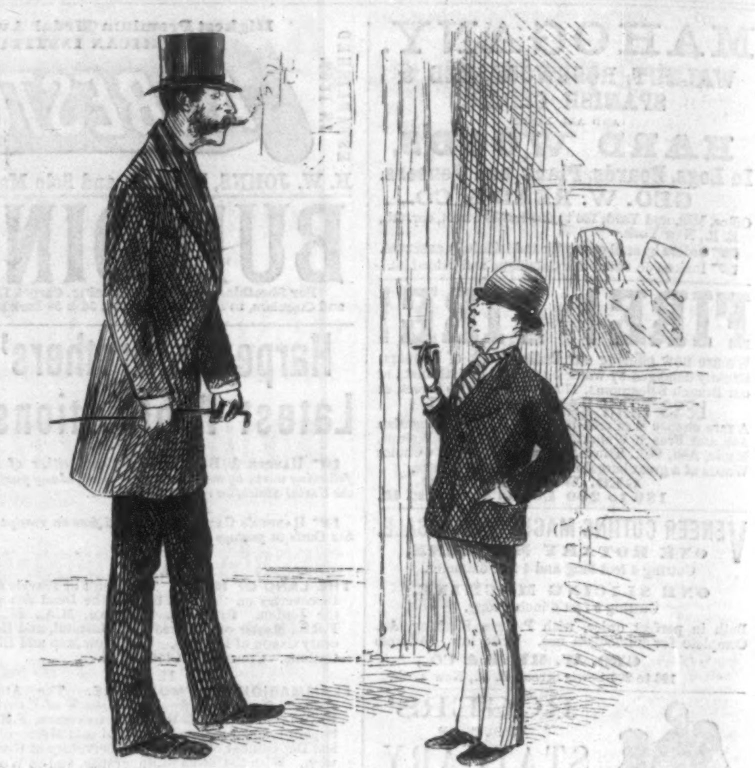

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 874, PAGE 864.]

PHINEAS REDUX.

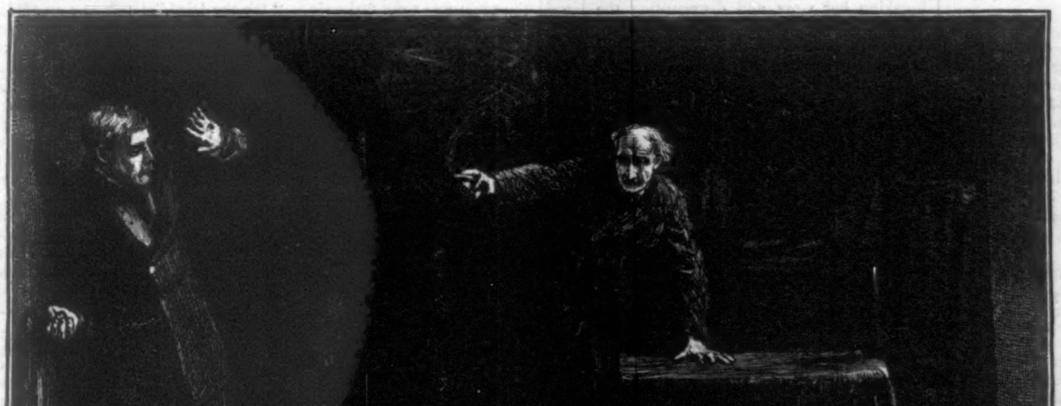
BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ANNA," "HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT," "ORLEY FARM," "PHINEAS FINN," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"PURITY OF MORALS, FINN."

MR. QUINTUS SLIDE was now, as formerly, the editor of the *People's Banner*, but a change had come over the spirit of his dream. His newspaper was still the *People's Banner*, and Mr. Slide still professed to protect the existing rights of the people, and to demand new rights for the people. But he did so as a Conservative. He had watched the progress of things, and had perceived that duty called upon him to be the organ of Mr. Daubeny. This duty he performed with great zeal, and with an assumption of consistency and infallibility which was charming. No doubt the somewhat difficult task of veering round without inconsistency, and without flaw to his infallibility, was eased by Mr. Daubeny's newly declared views on Church matters. The *People's Banner* could still be a genuine *People's Banner* in reference to ecclesiastical policy. And as that was now the subject mainly discussed by the newspapers, the change made was almost entirely confined to the lauding of Mr. Daubeny instead of Mr. Turnbull. Some other slight touches were no doubt necessary. Mr. Daubeny was the head of the Conservative party in the kingdom, and though Mr. Slide himself might be of all men in the kingdom the most democratic, or even the most destructive, still it was essential that Mr. Daubeny's organ should support the Conservative party all round. It became Mr. Slide's duty to speak of men as heaven-born patriots whom he had designated a month or two since as bloated aristocrats and leeches fattened on the blood of the people. Of course remarks were made by his brethren of the press—remarks which were intended to be very unpleasant. One evening newspaper took the trouble to divide a column of its own into double columns, printing on one side of the inserted line remarks made by the *People's Banner* in September respecting the Duke of ——, and the Marquis of ——, and Sir —— ——, which were certainly very harsh; and on the other side remarks equally laudatory as to the characters of the same titled politicians. But a journalist with the tact and experience of Mr. Quintus Slide knew his business too well to allow himself to be harassed by any such small stratagem as that. He did not pause to defend himself, but boldly attacked the meanness, the duplicity, the immorality, the grammar, the paper, the type, and the wife of the editor of the evening newspaper. In the storm of wind in which he rowed it was unnecessary for him to defend his own conduct. "And then," said he at the close of a very virulent and successful article, "the hirelings of —— dare to accuse me of inconsistency!" The readers of the *People's Banner* all thought that their editor had beaten his adversary out of the field.



"THE PISTOL IN A MOMENT WAS AT HIS HEAD, AND THE MADMAN PULLED AT THE TRIGGER."

Mr. Quintus Slide was certainly well adapted for his work. He could edit his paper with a clear appreciation of the kind of matter which would best conduce to its success, and he could write telling leading articles himself. He was indefatigable, unscrupulous, and devoted to his paper. Perhaps his great value was shown most clearly in his distinct appreciation of the low line of public virtue with which his readers would be satisfied. A highly wrought moral strain would, he knew well, create either disgust or ridicule. "If there is any beastliness I 'ate it is 'ighfaluting," he had been heard to say to his underlings. The sentiment was the same as that conveyed in the "Point de zele" of Talleyrand. "Let's 'ave no d—d nonsense," he said on another occasion, when striking out from a leading article a passage in praise of the patriotism of a certain public man. "Mr. Gresham is as good as another man, no doubt; what we want to know is whether he's along with us." Mr. Gresham was not along with Mr. Slide at present, and Mr. Slide found it very easy to speak ill of Mr. Gresham.

Mr. Slide one Sunday morning called at the house of Mr. Bunce in Great Marlborough Street, and asked for Phineas Finn. Mr. Slide and Mr. Bunce had an old acquaintance with each other, and the editor was not ashamed to exchange a few friendly words with the law scrivener before he was shown up to the member of Parliament. Mr. Bunce was an outspoken, eager, and honest politician, with very little accurate knowledge of the political conditions by which he was surrounded, but with a strong belief in the merits of his own class. He was a sober, hard-working man, and he hated all men who were not sober and hard-working. He was quite clear in his mind that all nobility should be put down, and that all property in land should be taken away from men who were enabled by such property to live in idleness. What should be done with the land when so taken away was a question which he had not yet learned to answer. At the present moment he was accustomed to say very hard words of Mr. Slide behind his back, because of the change which had been effected in the *People's Banner*, and he certainly was not the man to shrink from asserting in a person's presence aught that he said in his absence. "Well, Mr. Conservative Slide," he said, stepping into the little back-parlor in which the editor was left while Mrs. Bunce went up to learn whether the member of Parliament would receive his visitor.

"None of your chaff, Bunce."

"We have enough of your chaff, anyhow; don't we, Mr. Slide? I still sees the *Banner*, Mr. Slide—most days—just for the joke of it."

"As long as you take it, Bunce, I don't care what the reason is."

"I suppose a heditor's about the same as a Cabinet Minister. You've got to keep your place; that's about it, Mr. Slide."

"We've got to tell the people who's true to 'em. Do you believe that Gresham 'd ever have brought in a bill for doing away with the Church? Never!—not if he'd been Prime Minister till doomsday. What you want is progress."

"That's about it, Mr. Slide."

"And where are you to get it? Did you ever hear that a rose by any other name 'd smell as sweet? If you can get progress from the Conservatives, and you want progress, why not go to the Conservatives for it? Who repealed the corn laws? Who gave us 'ousehold suffrage?"

"I think I've been told all that before, Mr. Slide; them things weren't given by no manner of means, as I look at it. We just went in and took 'em. It was hall a haccident whether it was Cobden or Peel, Gladstone or Disraeli, as was the servants we employed to do our work. But Liberal is Liberal, and Conservative is Conservative. What are you, Mr. Slide, to-day?"

"If you'd talk of things, Bunce, which you understand, you would not talk quite so much nonsense."

At this moment Mrs. Bunce entered the room, perhaps preventing a quarrel, and offered to usher Mr. Slide up to the young member's room. Phineas had not at first been willing to receive the gentleman, remembering that when they had last met the intercourse had not been pleasant, but he knew that enmities are foolish things, and that it did not become him to perpetuate a quarrel with such a man as Mr. Quintus Slide. "I remember him very well, Mrs. Bunce."

"I know you didn't like him, Sir."

"Not particularly."

"No more don't I. No more don't Bunce. He's one of them as 'd say a'most any thing for a plate of soup and a glass of wine. That's what Bunce says."

"It won't hurt me to see him."

"No, Sir; it won't hurt you. It would be a pity indeed if the likes of him could hurt the likes of you." And so Mr. Quintus Slide was shown up into the room.

The first greeting was very affectionate, at any rate on the part of the editor. He grasped the young member's hand, congratulated him on his seat, and began his work as though he had never been all but kicked out of that very same room by its present occupant. "Now you want to know what I'm come about, don't you?"

"No doubt I shall hear in good time, Mr. Slide."

"It's an important matter; and so you'll say when you do hear. And it's one in which I don't know whether you'll be able to see your way quite clear."

"I'll do my best, if it concerns me."

"It does." So saying Mr. Slide, who had seated himself in an arm-chair by the fireside opposite to Phineas, crossed his legs, folded his arms on his breast, put his head a little one side, and sat for a few moments in silence, with his eyes fixed on his companion's face. "It does concern you, or I shouldn't be here. Do you know Mr. Kennedy, the Right Honorable Robert Kennedy, of Lough Linter, in Scotland?"

"I do know Mr. Kennedy."

"And do you know Lady Laura Kennedy, his wife?"

"Certainly I do."

"So I supposed. And do you know the Earl of Brentford, who is, I take it, father to the lady in question?"

"Of course I do. You know that I do." For there had been a time in which Phineas had been subjected to the severest censure which the *People's Banner* could inflict upon him, because of his adherence to Lord Brentford, and the vials of wrath had been poured out by the hands of Mr. Quintus Slide himself.

"Very well. It does not signify what I know or what I don't. Those preliminary questions I have been obliged to ask as my justification for coming to you on the present occasion. Mr. Kennedy has, I believe, been greatly wronged."

"I am not prepared to talk about Mr. Kennedy's affairs," said Phineas, gravely.

"But, unfortunately, he is prepared to talk about them. That's the rub. He has been ill used, and he has come to the *People's Banner* for redress. Will you have the kindness to cast your eye down that slip?" Whereupon the editor handed to Phineas a long scrap of printed paper, amounting to about a column and a half of the *People's Banner*, containing a letter to the editor, dated from Lough Linter, and signed Robert Kennedy, at full length.

"You don't mean to say that you're going to publish this," said Phineas, before he had read it.

"Why not?"

"The man is a madman."

"There's nothing in the world easier than calling a man mad. It's what we do to dogs when we want to hang them. I believe Mr. Kennedy has the management of his own property. He is not too mad for that. But just cast your eye down and read it."

Phineas did cast his eye down, and read the whole letter; nor, as he read it, could he bring himself to believe that the writer of it would be judged to be mad from its contents. Mr. Kennedy had told the whole story of his wrongs, and had told it well—with piteous truthfulness, as far as he himself knew and understood the truth. The letter was almost simple in its wailing record of his own desolation. With a marvelous absence of reticence, he had given the names of all persons concerned. He spoke of his wife as having been, and being, under the influence of Mr. Phineas Finn—spoke of his own former friendship for that gentleman, who had once saved his life when he fell among thieves, and then accused Phineas of treachery in betraying that friendship. He spoke with bitter agony of the injury done him by the Earl, his wife's father, in affording a home to his wife, when her proper home was at Lough Linter. And then declared himself willing to take the sinning woman back to his bosom. "That she has sinned is certain," he said; "I do not believe she has sinned as some sin; but, whatever be her sin, it is for a man to forgive as he hopes for forgiveness." He expatiated on the absolute and almost divine right which it was intended that a husband should exercise over his wife, and quoted both the Old and New Testament in proof of his assertions. And then he went on to say that he appealed to public sympathy, through the public press, because, owing to some gross insufficiency in the laws of extradition, he could not call upon the magistracy of a foreign country to restore to him his erring wife. But he thought that public opinion, if loudly expressed, would have an effect both upon her and upon her father, which his private words could not produce.

"I wonder very greatly that you should put such a letter as that into type," said Phineas, when he had read it all.

"Why shouldn't we put it into type?"

"You don't mean to say that you'll publish it."

"Why shouldn't we publish it?"

"It's a private quarrel between a man and his wife. What on earth have the public got to do with that?"

"Private quarrels between gentlemen and ladies have been public affairs for a long time past. You must know that very well."

"When they come into court they are."

"In court and out of court! The morale of our aristocracy—what you call the Upper-Ten—would be at a low ebb indeed if the public press didn't act as their guardians. Do you think that if the Duke of —— beats his wife black and blue, nothing is to be said about it unless the Duchess brings her husband into court. Did you ever know of a separation among the Upper-Ten that wasn't handled by the press one way or the other? It's my belief that there isn't a peer among 'em all as would live with his wife constant, if it was not for the press—only some of the very old ones, who couldn't help themselves."

"And you call yourself a Conservative?"

"Never mind what I call myself. That has nothing to do with what we're about now. You see that letter, Finn. There is nothing little or dirty about us. We go in for morals and purity of life, and we mean to do our duty by the public without fear or favor. Your name is mentioned there in a manner that you won't quite like, and I think I am acting uncommon kind by you in showing it to you before we publish it." Phineas, who still held the slip in his hand, sat silent, thinking of the matter. He hated the man. He could not endure the feeling of being called Finn by him without showing his resentment. As regarded himself, he was thoroughly well inclined to kick Mr. Slide and his *Banner* into the street. But he was bound to think first of Lady Laura. Such a publication as this, which was now threatened, was the misfortune which the poor woman dreaded more than any other. He, personally, had certainly been faultless in the matter. He had never addressed a word of love to Mr. Kennedy's wife since the moment in which she had told him that she was engaged to marry the laird of Lough Linter. Were the letter to be published, he could answer it, he thought, in such a manner as to defend himself and her without damage to either. But on her behalf he was bound to prevent this publicity if it could be prevented—and he was bound also, for her sake, to allow himself to be called Finn by this most obnoxious editor. "In the ordinary course of things, Finn, it will come out to-morrow morning," said the obnoxious editor.

"Every word of it is untrue," said Phineas.

"You say that, of course."

"And I should at once declare myself willing to make such a statement on oath. It is a libel of the grossest kind, and of course there would be a prosecution. Both Lord Brentford and I would be driven to that."

"We should be quite indifferent. Mr. Kennedy would hold us harmless. We're straightforward. My showing it to you would prove that."

"What is it you want, Mr. Slide?"

"Want! You don't suppose we want any thing. If you think that the columns of the *People's Banner* are to be bought, you must have opinions respecting the press of the day which make me pity you as one groveling in the very dust. The daily press of London is pure and immaculate. That is, the morning papers are. Want, indeed! What do you think I want?"

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Purity of morals, Finn—punishment for the guilty—defense for the innocent—support for the weak—safety for the oppressed—and a rod of iron for the oppressors!"

"But this is a libel."

"It's very heavy on the old Earl, and upon you, and upon Lady Laura—isn't it?"

"It's a libel—as you know. You tell me that purity of morals can be supported by such a publication as this! Had you meant to go on with it, you would hardly have shown it to me."

"You're in the wrong box there, Finn. Now I'll tell you what we'll do—on behalf of what I call real purity. We'll delay the publication if you'll undertake that the lady shall go back to her husband."

"The lady is not in my hands."

"She's under your influence. You were with her over at Dresden not much more than a month ago. She'd go sharp enough if you told her."

"You never made a greater mistake in your life."

"Say that you'll try."

"I certainly will not do so."

"Then it goes in to-morrow," said Mr. Quintus Slide, stretching out his hand and taking back the slip.

"What on earth is your object?"

"Morals! Morals! We shall be able to say that we've done our best to promote domestic virtue and secure forgiveness for an erring wife. You've no notion, Finn, in your mind of what will soon be the hextent of the duties, privileges, and hinfluences of the daily press—the daily morning press, that is; for I look on those little evening scraps as just so much paper and ink wasted. You won't interfere, then?"

"Yes, I will—if you'll give me time. Where is Mr. Kennedy?"

"What has that to do with it? Do you write over to Lady Laura and the old lord, and tell them that if she'll undertake to be at Lough Linter within a month this shall be suppressed. Will you do that?"

"Let me first see Mr. Kennedy."

Mr. Slide thought a while over that matter. "Well," said he at last, "you can see Kennedy if you will. He came up to town four or five days ago, and he's staying at a hotel in Judd Street."

"A hotel in Judd Street?"

"Yes—Macpherson's, in Judd Street. I suppose he likes to keep among the Scotch. I don't think he ever goes out of the house, and he's waiting in London till this thing is published."

"I will go and see him," said Phineas.

"I shouldn't wonder if he murdered you—but that's between you and him."

"Just so."

"And I shall hear from you?"

"Yes," said Phineas, hesitating as he made the promise. "Yes, you shall hear from me."

"We've got our duty to do, and we mean to do it. If we see that we can induce the lady to go back to her husband, we shall habstain from publishing, and virtue will be its own reward. I needn't tell you that such a letter as that would sell a great many copies, Finn." Then, at last, Mr. Slide arose and departed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MACPHERSON'S HOTEL.

PHINEAS, when he was left alone, found himself greatly at a loss as to what he had better do. He had pledged himself to see Mr. Kennedy, and was not much afraid of encountering personal violence at the hands of that gentleman. But he could think of nothing which he could with advantage say to Mr. Kennedy. He knew that Lady Laura would not return to her husband. Much as she dreaded such exposure as was now threatened, she would not return to Lough Linter to avoid even that. He could not hold out any such hope to Mr. Kennedy—and without doing so how could he stop the publication? He thought of getting an injunction from the Vice-Chancellor; but it was now Sunday, and he had understood that the publication would appear on the morrow, unless stopped by some note from himself. He thought of finding some attorney, and taking him to Mr. Kennedy; but he knew that Mr. Kennedy would be deterred by no attorney. Then he thought of Mr. Low. He would see Mr. Kennedy first, and then go to Mr. Low's house.

Judd Street runs into the New Road near the great stations of the Midland and Northern railways, and is a highly respectable street. But it can hardly be called fashionable, as is Piccadilly, or central, as is Charing Cross, or commercial, as is the neighborhood of St. Paul's. Men seeking the shelter of a hotel in Judd Street must probably prefer decent and respectable obscurity to other advantages. It was some such feeling, no doubt, joined to the fact that the landlord had originally come from the neighborhood of Lough Linter, which had taken Mr. Kennedy to Macpherson's Hotel. Phineas, when he called at about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, was at once informed by Mrs. Macpherson that Mr. Kennedy was "nae doubt at hame, but was nae willing to see folk on the Saaboth." Phineas pleaded the extreme necessity of his business, alleging that Mr. Kennedy himself would regard its nature as a sufficient justification for such Sabbath-breaking—and sent up his card. Then there came down a message to him. Could not Mr. Finn postpone his visit to the following morning? But Phineas declared that it could not be postponed. Circumstances, which he would explain to Mr. Kennedy, made it impossible. At last he was desired to walk up stairs, though Mrs. Macpherson, as she showed him the way, evidently thought that her house was profaned by such wickedness.

Macpherson, in preparing his house, had not run into that extravagance of architecture which has lately become so common in our hotels. It was simply an ordinary house, with the words "Macpherson's Hotel" painted on a semicircular board over the doorway. The front-parlor had been converted into a bar, and in the back-parlor the Macphersons lived. The staircase was narrow and dirty, and in the front drawing-room—with the chamber behind for his bedroom—Mr. Kennedy was installed. Mr. Macpherson probably did not expect any customers beyond those friendly Scots who came up to London from his own side of the Highlands. Mrs. Macpherson, as she opened the door, was silent and almost mysterious. Such a breach of the law might perhaps be justified by circumstances of which she knew nothing, but should receive no sanction from her which she could avoid. So she did not even whisper the name.

Mr. Kennedy, as Phineas entered, slowly rose from his chair, putting down the Bible which had been in his hands. He did not speak at once, but looked at his visitor over the spectacles which he wore. Phineas thought that he was even more haggard in appearance and aged than when they two had met hardly three months since at Lough Linter. There was no shaking of hands, and hardly any pretense at greeting. Mr. Kennedy simply bowed his head, and allowed his visitor to begin the conversation.

"I should not have come to you on such a day as this, Mr. Kennedy—"

"It is a day very unfitted for the affairs of the world," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Had not the matter been most pressing in regard both to time and its own importance."

"So the woman told me, and therefore I have consented to see you."

"You know a man of the name of—Slide, Mr. Kennedy?" Mr. Kennedy shook his head. "You know the editor of the *People's Banner?*" Again he shook his head. "You have, at any rate, written a letter for publication to that newspaper."

"Need I consult you as to what I write?"

"But he—the editor—has consulted me."

"I can have nothing to do with that."

"This Mr. Slide, the editor of the *People's Banner*, has just been with me, having in his hand a printed letter from you, which—you will excuse me, Mr. Kennedy—is very libelous."

"I will bear the responsibility of that."

"But you would not wish to publish falsehood about your wife, or even about me."

"Falsehood, Sir! how dare you use that word to me? Is it false to say that she has left my house? Is it false to say that she is my wife, and can not desert me, as she has done, without breaking her vows, and disregarding the laws both of God and man? Am I false when I say that I gave her no cause? Am I false when I offer to take her back, let her faults be what they may have been? Am I false when I say that her father acts illegally in detaining her? False! False in your teeth! Falsehood is villainy, and it is not I that am the villain."

"You have joined my name in the accusation."

"Because you are her paramour. I know you now—viper that was warmed in my bosom! Will you look me in the face and tell me that, had it not been for you, she would not have strayed from me?" To this Phineas could make no answer. "Is it not true that when she went with me to the altar you had been her lover?"

"I was her lover no longer, when she once told me that she was to be your wife."

"Has she never spoken to you of love since? Did she not warn you from the house in her faint struggle after virtue? Did she not whistle you back again when she found the struggle too much for her? When I asked you to the house, she bade you not come. When I desired that you might never darken my eyes again, did she not seek you? With whom was she walking on the villa grounds by the river-banks when she resolved that she would leave all her duties and desert me? Will you dare to say that you were not then in her confidence? With whom was she talking when she had the effrontery to come and meet me at the house of the Prime Minister, which I was bound to attend? Have you not been with her this very winter in her foreign home?"

"Of course I have—and you sent her a message by me."

"I sent no message. I deny it. I refused to be an accomplice in your double guilt. I laid my command upon you that you should not visit my wife in my absence, and you disobeyed, and you are an adulterer. Who are you that you are to come forever between me and my wife?"

"I never injured you in thought or deed. I come to you now because I have seen a printed letter which contains a gross libel upon myself."

"It is printed, then?" he asked, in an eager tone.

"It is printed; but it need not, therefore, be published. It is a libel, and should not be published. I shall be forced to seek redress at law. You can not hope to regain your wife by publishing false accusations against her."

"They are true. I can prove every word that I have written. She dare not come here and submit herself to the laws of her country. She is a renegade from the law, and you abet her in her sin. But it is not vengeance that I seek. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'"

"It looks like vengeance, Mr. Kennedy."

"Is it for you to teach me how I shall bear myself in this time of my great trouble?" Then suddenly he changed, his voice falling from one of haughty defiance to a low, mean, bargaining whisper. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will say that she shall come back again, I'll have it canceled, and pay all the expenses."

"I can not bring her back to you."

"She'll come if you tell her. If you'll let them understand that she must come, they'll give way. You can try it at any rate."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Why should I ask her to submit herself to misery?"

"Misery! What misery? Why should she be miserable? Must a woman need be miserable because she lives with her husband? You hear me say that I will forgive every thing. Even she will not doubt me when I say so, because I have never lied to her. Let her come back to me, and she shall live in peace and quiet, and hear no word of reproach."

"I can have nothing to do with it, Mr. Kennedy."

"Then, Sir, you shall abide my wrath." With that he sprang quickly round, grasping at something which lay upon a shelf near him, and Phineas saw that he was armed with a pistol. Phineas, who had hitherto been seated, leaped to his legs; but the pistol in a moment was at his head, and the madman pulled at the trigger. But the mechanism of the instrument required that some bolt should be loosed before the hammer would fall upon the nipple, and the unhappy wretch for an instant fumbled over the work, so that Phineas, still facing his enemy, had time to leap backward toward the door. But Kennedy, though he was awkward, still succeeded in firing before our friend could leave the room. Phineas heard the thud of the bullet, and knew that it must have passed near his head. He was not struck, however; and the man, frightened at his own deed, abstained from the second shot, or loitered long enough in his remorse to enable his prey to escape. With three or four steps Phineas leaped down the stairs, and, finding the front-door closed, took shelter within Mrs. Macpherson's bar. "The man is mad," he said; "did you not hear the shot?" The woman was too frightened to reply, but stood trembling, holding Phineas by the arm. There was nobody in the house, she said, but she and the two lasses. "Nae doobt the laird's by ordinaire," she said at last. She had known of the pistol, but had not dared to have it removed. She and Macpherson had only feared that he would hurt himself—and had at last agreed, as day after day passed without any injury from the weapon, to let the thing remain unnoticed. She had heard the shot, and had been sure that one of the two men above would have been killed.

Phineas was now in great doubt as to what duty was required of him. His first difficulty consisted in this—that his hat was still in Mr. Kennedy's room, and that Mrs. Macpherson altogether refused to go and fetch it. While they were still discussing this, and Phineas had not as yet resolved whether he would first get a policeman or go at once to Mr. Low, the bell from the room was rung furiously. "It's the laird," said Mrs. Macpherson, "and if naebody waits on him he'll surely be shooting ane of us." The two girls were now outside the bar shaking in their shoes, and evidently unwilling to face the danger. At last the door of the room above was opened, and our hero's hat was sent rolling down the stairs.

It was clear to Phineas that the man was so mad as to be not even aware of the act he had perpetrated. "He'll do nothing more with the pistol," he said, "unless he should attempt to destroy himself." At last it was determined that one of the girls should be sent to fetch Macpherson home from the Scotch church, and that no application should be made at once to the police. It seemed that the Macphersons knew the circumstances of their guest's family, and that there was a cousin of his in London who was the only one with whom he seemed to have any near connection. The thing that had occurred was to be told to this cousin, and Phineas left his address, so that if it should be thought necessary, he might be called upon to give his account of the affair. Then, in his perturbation of spirit, he asked for a glass of brandy, and having swallowed it, was about to take his leave. "The brandy wull be saxpence, Sir," said Mrs. Macpherson, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Having paid for his refreshment, Phineas got into a cab, and had himself driven to Mr. Low's house. He had escaped from his peril, and now again it became his strongest object to stop the publication of the letter which Slide had shown him. But as he sat in the cab he could not hinder himself from shuddering at the danger which had been so near to him. He remembered his sensation as he first saw the glimmer of the barrel of the pistol, and then became aware of the man's first futile attempt, and afterward saw the flash and heard the hammer fall at the same moment. He had once stood up to be fired at in a duel, and had been struck by the ball. But nothing in that encounter had made him feel sick and faint through every muscle as he had felt just now. As he sat in the cab he was aware that but for the spirits he had swallowed he would be altogether overcome, and he doubted even now whether he would be able to tell his story to Mr. Low. Luckily perhaps for him, neither Mr. Low nor his wife were at home. They were out together, but were expected in between five and six. Phineas declared his purpose of waiting for them, and requested that Mr. Low might be asked to join him in the dining-room immediately on his return. In this way an hour was allowed him, and he endeavored to compose himself. Still, even at the end of the hour, his heart was beating so violently that he could hardly control the motion of his own limbs. "Low, I have been shot at by a madman," he said, as soon as his friend entered the room. He had determined to be calm, and to speak much more of the document in the editor's hands than of the attempt which had been made on his own life; but he had been utterly unable to repress the exclamation.

"Shot at?"

"Yes, by Robert Kennedy, the man who was Chancellor of the Duchy—almost within a yard of my head." Then he sat down and burst out into a fit of convulsive laughter.

The story about the pistol was soon told, and Mr. Low was of opinion that Phineas should not have left the place without calling in policemen and giving an account to them of the transaction. "But I had something else on my mind," said Phineas, "which made it necessary that I should see you at once—something more important even than this madman's attack upon me. He has written a most foul-mouthed attack upon his wife, which is already in print, and will, I fear, be published to-morrow morning." Then he told the story of the letter. "Slide, no doubt, will be at the *People's Banner* office to-night, and I can see him there. Perhaps when I tell him what has occurred, he will consent to drop the publication altogether."

But in this view of the matter Mr. Low did not agree with his visitor. He argued the case with a deliberation which to Phineas, in his present state of mind, was almost painful. If the whole story of what had occurred were told to Quintus Slide, that worthy protector of morals and caterer for the amusement of the public would, Mr. Low thought, at once publish the letter and give a statement of the occurrence at Macpherson's Hotel. There would be nothing to hinder him from so profitable a proceeding, as he would know that no one would stir on behalf of Lady Laura in the matter of the libel when the tragedy of Mr. Kennedy's madness should have been made known. The publication would be as safe as attractive. But if Phineas should abstain from going to him at all, the same calculation which had induced him to show the letter would induce him to postpone the publication, at any rate for another twenty-four hours. "He means to make capital out of his virtue; and he won't give that up for the sake of being a day in advance. In the mean time we will get an injunction from the Vice-Chancellor to stop the publication."

"Can we do that in one day?"

"I think we can. Chancery isn't what it used to be," said Mr. Low, with a sigh. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go this very moment to Pickering." Mr. Pickering at this time was one of the three Vice-Chancellors. "It isn't exactly the proper thing for counsel to call on a judge on a Sunday afternoon with the direct intention of influencing his judgment for the following morning; but this is a case in which a point may be strained. When such a paper as the *People's Banner* gets hold of a letter from a madman, which, if published, would destroy the happiness of a whole family, one shouldn't stick at a trifle. Pickering is just the man to take a common-sense view of the matter. You'll have to make an affidavit in the morning, and we can get the injunction served before two or three o'clock. Mr. Septimus Slope, or whatever his name is, won't dare to publish it after that. Of course, if it comes out to-morrow morning, we shall have been too late; but this will be our best chance." So Mr. Low got his hat and umbrella, and started for the Vice-Chancellor's house. "And I tell you what, Phineas—do you stay and dine here. You are so flurried by all this that you are not fit to go any where else."

"I am flurried."

"Of course you are. Never mind about dressing. Do you go up and tell Georgiana all about it—and have dinner put off half an hour. I must hunt Pickering up, if I don't find him at home." Then Phineas did go up stairs and told Georgiana—otherwise Mrs. Low—the whole story. Mrs. Low was deeply affected, declaring her opinion very strongly as to the horrible condition of things, when madmen could go about with pistols, and without any body to take care against them. But as to Lady Laura Kennedy, she seemed to think that the poor husband had great cause of complaint, and that Lady Laura ought to be punished. Wives, she thought, should never leave their husbands on any pretext; and, as far as she had heard the story, there had been no pretext at all in the case. Her sympathies were clearly with the madman, though she was quite ready to acknowledge that any and every step should be taken which might be adverse to Mr. Quintus Slide.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MADAME GOESLER IS SENT FOR.

WHEN the elder Mr. Maule had sufficiently recovered from the perturbation of mind and body into which he had been thrown by the ill-timed and ill-worded proposition of his son to enable him to resume the accustomed tenor of his life, he arrayed himself in his morning winter costume, and went forth in quest of a lady. So much was told some few chapters back, but the name of the lady was not then disclosed. Starting from Victoria Street, Westminster, he walked slowly across St. James's Park and the Green Park till he came out in Piccadilly, near the bottom of Park Lane. As he went up the Lane he looked at his boots, at his gloves, and at his trowsers, and saw that nothing was unduly soiled. The morning air was clear and frosty, and had enabled him to dispense with the costly comfort of a cab. Mr. Maule hated cabs in the morning—preferring never to move beyond the tether of his short daily constitutional walk. A cab for going out to dinner was a necessity; but his income would not stand two or three cabs a day. Consequently he never went north of Oxford Street, or east of the theatres, or beyond Eccleston Square toward the river. The regions of South Kensington and New Brompton were a trouble to him, as he found it impossible to lay down a limit in that direction which would not exclude him from things which he fain would not exclude. There are dinners given at South Kensington which such a man as Mr. Maule can not afford not to eat. In Park Lane he knocked at the door of a very small house—a house that might almost be called tiny by comparison of its dimensions with those around it, and then asked for Madame Goesler. Madame Goesler had that morning gone into the country. Mr. Maule, in his blandest manner, expressed some surprise, having understood that she had not long since returned from Harrington Hall. To this the servant assented, but went on to explain that she had been in town only a day or two when she was summoned down to Matching by a telegram. It was believed, the man said, that the Duke of Omnium was poorly. "Oh, indeed! I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Maule, with a wry face. Then, with steps perhaps a little less careful, he walked back across the park to his club. On taking up the evening paper, he at once saw a paragraph stating that the Duke of Omnium's condition to-day was much the same as yesterday, but that he had passed a quiet night. That very distinguished but now aged physician, Sir Omicron Pie, was still staying at Matching Priory. "So old Omnium is going off the hooks at last," said Mr. Maule to a club acquaintance.

The club acquaintance was in Parliament, and looked at the matter from a strictly Parliamentary point of view. "Yes, indeed. It has given a deal of trouble."

Mr. Maule was not Parliamentary, and did not understand. "Why trouble—except to himself? He'll leave his Garter and strawberry leaves and all his acres behind him."

"What is Gresham to do about the Exchequer when he comes in? I don't know whom he's to send there. They talk of Bonteen, but Bonteen hasn't half weight enough. They'll offer it to Monk, but Monk 'll never take office again."

"Ah, yes. Planty Pall was Chancellor of the Exchequer. I suppose he must give that up now?"

The Parliamentary acquaintance looked up at the unparliamentary man with that mingled disgust and pity which Parliamentary gentlemen and ladies always entertain for those who have not devoted their minds to the constitutional forms of the country. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer can't very well sit in the House of Lords, and Palliser can't very well help becoming Duke of Omnium. I don't know whether he can take the decimal coinage question with him, but I fear not. They don't like it at all in the City."

"I believe I'll go and play a rubber of whist," said Mr. Maule. He played his whist, and lost thirty points without showing the slightest displeasure, either by the tone of his voice or by any grimace of his countenance. And yet the money which passed from his hands was material to him. But he was great at such efforts as these, and he understood well the fluctuations of the whist-table. The half crowns which he had paid were only so much invested capital.

He dined at his club this evening, and joined tables with another acquaintance who was not Parliamentary. Mr. Parkinson Seymour was a man much of his own stamp, who cared not one straw as to any difficulty which the Prime Minister might feel in filling the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were men by dozens ready and willing, and no doubt able—or, at any rate, one as able as the other—to manage the taxes of the country. But the blue ribbon and the Lord-Lieutenancy of Barsetshire were important things—which would now be in the gift of Mr. Daubeny; and Lady Glencora would at last be a duchess—with much effect on Society, either good or bad. And Planty Pall would be a duke, with very much less capability, as Mr. Parkinson Seymour thought, for filling that great office than that which the man had displayed who was now supposed to be dying at Matching. "He has been a fine old fellow," said Mr. Parkinson Seymour.

"Very much so. There ain't many of that stamp left."

"I don't know one," continued the gentleman, with enthusiasm. "They all go in for something now, just as Jones goes in for being a bank clerk. They are politicians or gamblers, or, by Heaven! tradesmen, as some of them are. The Earl of Tydvil and Lord Merthyr are in partnership together working their own mines—by the Lord! with a regular deed of partnership, just like two cheese-mongers. The Marquis of Maltanops has a share in a bitter-beer house at Burton. And the Duke of Discount, who married old Ballance's daughter, and is brother-in-law to young George Advance, retains his interest in the house in Lombard Street. I know it for a fact."

"Old Omnium was above that kind of thing," said Mr. Maule.

"Lord bless you—quite another sort of man. There is nothing left like it now. With a princely income, I don't suppose he ever put by a shilling in his life. I've heard it said that he couldn't afford to marry, living in the manner in which he chose to live. And he understood what dignity meant. None of them understand that now. Dukes are as common as dogs in the streets, and a marquis thinks no more of himself than a market-gardener. I'm very sorry the old Duke should go. The nephew may be very good at figures, but he isn't fit to fill his uncle's shoes. As for Lady Glencora, no doubt, as things go now, she's very popular, but she's more like a dairy-maid than a duchess, to my way of thinking."

There was not a club in London, and hardly a drawing-room, in which something was not said that day in consequence of the two bulletins which had appeared as to the condition of the old Duke—and in no club and in no drawing-room was a verdict given against the dying man. It was acknowledged every where that he had played his part in a noble and even in a princely manner, that he had used with a becoming grace the rich things that had been given him, and that he had deserved well of his country. And yet, perhaps, no man who had lived during the same period, or any portion of the period, had done less, or had devoted himself more entirely to the consumption of good things without the slightest idea of producing any thing in return! But he had looked like a duke, and known how to set a high price on his own presence.

To Mr. Maule the threatened demise of this great man was not without a peculiar interest. His acquaintance with Madame Goesler had not been of long standing, nor even as yet had it reached a close intimacy. During the last London season he had been introduced to her, and had dined twice at her house. He endeavored to make himself agreeable to her, and he flattered himself that he had succeeded. It may be said of him, generally, that he had the gift of making himself pleasant to women. When last she had parted from him with a smile, repeating the last few words of some good story which he had told her, the idea struck him that she, after all, might perhaps be the woman. He made his inquiries, and had learned that there was not a shadow of a doubt as to her wealth—or even to her power of disposing of that wealth as she pleased. So he wrote to her a pretty little note, in which he gave to her the history of that good story, how it originated with a certain cardinal, and might be found in certain memoirs—which did not, however, bear the best reputation in the world. Madame Goesler answered his note very graciously, thanking him for the reference, but declaring that the information given was already so sufficient that she need prosecute the inquiry no further. Mr. Maule smiled as he declared to himself that those memoirs would certainly be in Madame Goesler's hands before many days were over. Had his intimacy been a little more advanced he would have sent the volume to her.

But he also learned that there was some romance in the lady's life which connected her with the Duke of Omnium. He was diligent in seeking information, and became assured that there could be no chance for himself, or for any man, as long as the Duke was alive. Some hinted that there had been a private marriage—a marriage, however, which Madame Goesler had bound herself by solemn oaths never to disclose. Others surmised that she was the Duke's daughter. Hints were, of course, thrown out as to a connection of another kind—but with no great vigor, as it was admitted on all hands that Lady Glencora, the Duke's niece by marriage, and the mother of the Duke's future heir, was Madame Goesler's great friend. That there was a mystery was a fact very gratifying to the world at large, and perhaps, upon the whole, the more gratifying in that nothing had occurred to throw a gleam of light upon the matter since the fact of the intimacy had become generally known. Mr. Maule was aware, however, that there could be no success for him as long as the Duke lived. Whatever might be the nature of the alliance, it was too strong to admit of any other while it lasted. But the Duke was a very old, or, at least, a very infirm man. And now the Duke was dying. Of course it was only a chance. Mr. Maule knew the world too well to lay out any great portion of his hopes on a prospect so doubtful. But it was worth a struggle, and he would so struggle that he might enjoy success, should success come, without laying himself open to the pangs of disappointment. Mr. Maule hated to be unhappy or uncomfortable, and therefore never allowed any aspiration to proceed to such length as to be inconvenient to his feelings should it not be gratified.

In the mean time Madame Max Goesler had been sent for, and had hurried off to Matching almost without a moment's preparation. As she sat in the train, thinking of it, tears absolutely filled her eyes. "Poor dear old man," she said to herself; and yet the poor dear old man had simply been a trouble to her, adding a most disagreeable task to her life, and one which she was not called on to perform by any sense of duty. "How is he?" she said, anxiously, when she met Lady Glencora in the hall at Matching. The two women kissed each other as though they had been almost sisters since their birth. "He is a little better now, but he was very uneasy when we telegraphed this morning. He asked for you twice, and then we thought it better to send."

"Oh, of course it was best," said Madame Goesler.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I WOULD DO IT NOW."

THOUGH it was rumored all over London that the Duke of Omnium was dying, his Grace had been dressed and taken out of his bed-chamber into a sitting-room when Madame Goesler was brought into his presence by Lady Glencora Palliser. He was reclining in a great arm-chair, with his legs propped up on cushions, and a respectable old lady in a black silk gown and a very smart cap was attending to his wants. The respectable old lady took her departure when the younger ladies entered the room, whispering a word of instruction to Lady Glencora as she went. "His Grace should have broth at half past four, my lady, and a glass and a half of Champagne. His Grace won't drink his wine out of a tumbler, so perhaps your ladyship won't mind giving it him at twice."

"Marie has come," said Lady Glencora.

"I knew she would come," said the old man, turning his head round slowly on the back of his chair. "I knew she would be good to me to the last." And he laid his withered hand on the arm of his chair, so that the woman whose presence gratified him might take it within her's and comfort him.

"Of course I have come," said Madame Goesler, standing close by him and putting her left arm very lightly on his shoulder. It was all that she could do for him, but it was in order that she might do this that she had been summoned from London to his side. He was wan and worn and pale—a man evidently dying, the oil of whose lamp was all burned out; but still, as he turned his eyes up to the woman's face, there was a remnant of that look of graceful faineant nobility which had always distinguished him. He had never done any good, but he had always carried himself like a duke, and like a duke he carried himself to the end.

"He is decidedly better than he was this morning," said Lady Glencora.

"It is pretty nearly all over, my dear. Sit down, Marie. Did they give you any thing after your journey?"

"I could not wait, Duke."

"I'll get her some tea," said Lady Glencora. "Yes, I will. I'll do it myself. I know he wants to say a word to you alone." This she added in a whisper.

But sick people hear every thing, and the Duke did hear the whisper. "Yes, my dear—she is quite right. I am glad to have you for a minute alone. Do you love me, Marie?"

It was a foolish question to be asked by a dying old man of a young woman who was in no way connected with him, and whom he had never seen till some three or four years since. But it was asked with feverish anxiety, and it required an answer. "You know I love you, Duke. Why else should I be here?"

"It is a pity you did not take the coronet when I offered it you."

"Nay, Duke, it was no pity Had I done so, you could not have had us both."

"I should have wanted only you."

"And I should have stood aloof—in despair to think that I was separating you from those with whom your Grace is bound up so closely. We have ever been dear friends since that."

"Yes—we have been dear friends. But—" Then he closed his eyes, and put his long, thin fingers across his face, and lay back a while in silence, still holding her by the other hand. "Kiss me, Marie," he said at last; and she stooped over him and kissed his forehead. "I would do it now if I thought it would serve you." She only shook her head and pressed his hand closely. "I would, I would. Such things have been done, my dear."

"Such a thing shall never be done by me, Duke."

They remained seated side by side, the one holding the other by the hand, but without uttering another word, till Lady Glencora returned bringing a cup of tea and a morsel of toast in her own hand. Madame Goesler, as she took it, could not help thinking how it might have been with her had she accepted the coronet which had been offered. In that case she might have been a duchess herself, but assuredly she would not have been waited upon by a future duchess. As it was, there was no one in that family who had not cause to be grateful to her. When the Duke had sipped a spoonful of his broth, and swallowed his allowance of wine, they both left him, and the respectable old lady with the smart cap was summoned back to her position. "I suppose he whispered something very gracious to you," Lady Glencora said when they were alone.

"Very gracious."

"And you were gracious to him, I hope."

"I meant to be."

"I'm sure you did. Poor old man! If you had done what he asked you, I wonder whether his affection would have lasted as it has done."

"Certainly not, Lady Glen. He would have known that I had injured him."

"I declare I think you are the wisest woman I ever met, Madame Max. I am sure you are the most discreet. If I had always been as wise as you are!"

"You always have been wise."

"Well, never mind. Some people fall on their feet like cats; but you are one of those who never fall at all. Others tumble about in the most unfortunate way, without any great fault of their own. Think of that poor Lady Laura!"

"Yes, indeed."

"I suppose it's true about Mr. Kennedy. You've heard of it, of course, in London." But, as it happened, Madame Goesler had not heard the story. "I got it from Barrington Erle, who always writes to me if any thing happens. Mr. Kennedy has fired a pistol at the head of Phineas Finn."

"At Phineas Finn!"

"Yes, indeed. Mr. Finn went to him at some hotel in London. No one knows what it was about; but Mr. Kennedy went off in a fit of jealousy, and fired a pistol at him."

"He did not hit him?"

"It seems not. Mr. Finn is one of those Irish gentlemen who always seem to be under some special protection. The ball went through his whiskers, and didn't hurt him."

"And what has become of Mr. Kennedy."

"Nothing, it seems. Nobody sent for the police, and he has been allowed to go back to Scotland—as though a man were permitted by special act of Parliament to try to murder his wife's lover. It would be a bad law, because it would cause such a flow of bloodshed."

"But he is not Lady Laura's lover," said Madame Goesler, gravely.

"That would make the law difficult, because who is to say whether a man is or is not a woman's lover?"

"I don't think there was ever any thing of that kind."

"They were always together, but I dare say it was Platonic. I believe these kind of things generally are Platonic. And as for Lady Laura—heavens and earth!—I suppose it must have been Platonic. What did the Duke say to you?"

"He bade me kiss him."

"Poor dear old man. He never ceases to speak of you when you are away, and I do believe he could not have gone in peace without seeing you. I doubt whether in all his life he ever loved any one as he loves you. We dine at half past seven, dear—and you had better just go into his room for a moment as you come down. There isn't a soul here except Sir Omicron Pie, and Plantagenet, and two of the other nephews—whom, by-the-bye, he has refused to see. Old Lady Hartletop wanted to come."

"And you wouldn't have her?"

"I couldn't have refused. I shouldn't have dared. But the Duke would not hear of it. He made me write to say that he was too weak to see any but his nearest relatives. Then he made me send for you, my dear—and now he won't see the relatives. What shall we do if Lady Hartletop turns up? I'm living in fear of it. You'll have to be shut up out of sight somewhere if that should happen."

During the next two or three days the Duke was neither much better nor much worse. Bulletins appeared in the newspapers, though no one at Matching knew from whence they came. Sir Omicron Pie, who, having retired from general practice, was enabled to devote his time to the "dear Duke," protested that he had no hand in sending them out. He declared to Lady Glencora every morning that it was only a question of time. "The vital spark is on the spring," said Sir Omicron, waving a gesture heavenward with his hand. For three days Mr. Palliser was at Matching, and he duly visited his uncle twice a day. But not a syllable was ever said between them beyond the ordinary words of compliments. Mr. Palliser spent his time with his private secretary, working out endless sums and toiling for unapproachable results in reference to decimal coinage. To him his uncle's death would be a great blow, as, in his eyes, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer was much more than to be Duke of Omnium. For herself Lady Glencora was nearly equally indifferent, though she did in her heart of hearts wish that her son should go to Eton with the title of Lord Silverbridge.

On the third morning the Duke suddenly asked a question of Madame Goesler. They two were again sitting near to each other, and the Duke was again holding her hand; but Lady Glencora was also in the room. "Have not you been staying with Lord Chiltern?"

"Yes, Duke."

"He is a friend of yours."

"I used to know his wife before they were married."

"Why does he go on writing me letters about a wood?" This he asked in a wailing voice, as though he were almost weeping. "I know nothing of Lord Chiltern. Why does he write to me about the wood? I wish he wouldn't write to me."

"He does not know that you are ill, Duke. By-the-bye, I promised to speak to Lady Glencora about it. He says that foxes are poisoned at Trumpeton Wood."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Duke. "No one would poison foxes in my wood. I wish you'd see about it, Glencora. Plantagenet will never attend to any thing. But he shouldn't write to me. He ought to know better than to write letters to me. I will not have people writing letters to me. Why don't they write to Fothergill?" And then the Duke began in truth to whimper.

"I'll put it all right," said Lady Glencora.

"I wish you would. I don't like them to say there are no foxes; and Plantagenet never will attend to any thing." The wife had long since ceased to take the husband's part when accusations such as this were brought against him. Nothing could make Mr. Palliser think it worth his while to give up any shred of his time to such a matter as the preservation of foxes.

On the fourth day the catastrophe happened which Lady Glencora had feared. A fly with a pair of horses from the Matching Road station was driven up to the door of the Priory, and Lady Hartletop was announced. "I knew it," said Lady Glencora, slapping her hand down on the table in the room in which she was sitting with Madame Goesler. Unfortunately the old lady was shown into the room before Madame Goesler could escape, and they passed each other on the threshold. The Dowager Marchioness of Hartletop was a very stout old lady, now perhaps nearer to seventy than sixty-five years of age, who for many years had been the intimate friend of the Duke of Omnium. In latter days, during which she had seen but little of the Duke himself, she had heard of Madame Max Goesler, but she had never met that lady. Nevertheless she knew the rival friend at a glance. Some instinct told her that that woman with the black brow and the dark curls was Madame Goesler. In these days the Marchioness was given to waddling rather than to walking, but she waddled past the foreign female—as she had often called Madame Max—with a dignified though duck-like step. Lady Hartletop was a bold woman; and it must be supposed that she had some heart within her, or she would hardly have made such a journey with such a purpose. "Dear Lady Hartletop," said Lady Glencora, "I am so sorry that you should have had this trouble."

"I must see him," said Lady Hartletop. Lady Glencora put both her hands together piteously, as though deprecating her visitor's wrath. "I must insist on seeing him."

"Sir Omicron has refused permission to any one to visit him."

"I shall not go till I've seen him. Who was that lady?"

"A friend of mine," said Lady Glencora, drawing herself up.

"She is—Madame Goesler."

"That is her name, Lady Hartletop. She is my most intimate friend."

"Does she see the Duke?"

Lady Glencora, when expressing her fear that the woman would come to Matching, had confessed that she was afraid of Lady Hartletop. And a feeling of dismay—almost of awe—had fallen upon her on hearing the Marchioness announced. But when she found herself thus cross-examined, she resolved that she would be bold. Nothing on earth should induce her to open the door of the Duke's room to Lady Hartletop, nor would she scruple to tell the truth about Madame Goesler. "Yes," she said, "Madame Goesler does see the Duke."

"And I am to be excluded!"

"My dear Lady Hartletop, what can I do? The Duke for some time past has been accustomed to the presence of my friend, and therefore her presence now is no disturbance. Surely that can be understood."

"I should not disturb him."

"He would be inexpressibly excited were he to know that you were even in the house. And I could not take it upon myself to tell him."

Then Lady Hartletop threw herself upon a sofa, and began to weep piteously. "I have known him for more than forty years," she moaned through her choking tears. Lady Glencora's heart was softened, and she was kind and womanly; but she would not give way about the Duke. It would, as she knew, have been useless, as the Duke had declared that he would see no one except his eldest nephew, his nephew's wife, and Madame Goesler.

That evening was very dreadful to all of them at Matching—except to the Duke, who was never told of Lady Hartletop's perseverance. The poor old woman could not be sent away on that afternoon, and was therefore forced to dine with Mr. Palliser. He, however, was warned by his wife to say nothing in the lady's presence about his uncle, and he received her as he would receive any other chance guest at his wife's table. But the presence of Madame Goesler made the chief difficulty. She herself was desirous of disappearing for that evening, but Lady Glencora would not permit it. "She has seen you, my dear, and asked about you. If you hide yourself, she'll say all sorts of things." An introduction was therefore necessary, and Lady Hartletop's manner was grotesquely grand. She dropped a very low courtesy, and made a very long face, but she did not say a word. In the evening the Marchioness sat close to Lady Glencora, whispering many things about the Duke, and condescending at last to a final entreaty that she might be permitted to see him on the following morning. "There is Sir Omicron," said Lady Glencora, turning round to the little doctor. But Lady Hartletop was too proud to appeal to Sir Omicron, who, as a matter of course, would support the orders of Lady Glencora. On the next morning Madame Goesler did not appear at the breakfast-table, and at eleven Lady Hartletop was taken back to the train in Lady Glencora's carriage. She had submitted herself to discomfort, indignity, fatigue, and disappointment; and it had all been done for love. With her broad face and her double chin and her heavy jowl, and the beard that was growing round her lips, she did not look like a romantic woman; but, in spite of appearances, romance and a duck-like waddle may go together. The memory of those forty years had been strong upon her, and her heart was heavy because she could not see that old man once again. Men will love to the last, but they love what is fresh and new. A woman's love can live on the recollection of the past, and cling to what is old and ugly. "What an episode!" said Lady Glencora, when the unwelcome visitor was gone; "but it's odd how much less dreadful things are than you think they will be. I was frightened when I heard her name; but you see we've got through it without much harm."

A week passed by, and still the Duke was living. But now he was too weak to be moved from one room to another, and Madame Goesler passed two hours each day sitting by his bedside. He would lie with his hand out upon the coverlet, and she would put hers upon it; but very few words passed between them. He grumbled again about the Trumpeton Woods and Lord Chiltern's interference, and complained of his nephew's indifference. As to himself and his own condition, he seemed to be, at any rate, without discomfort, and was certainly free from fear. A clergyman attended him, and gave him the sacrament. He took it—as the Champagne prescribed by Sir Omicron, or the few mouthfuls of chicken broth which were administered to him by the old lady with the smart cap; but it may be doubted whether he thought much more of the one remedy than of the other. He knew that he had lived, and that the thing was done. His courage never failed him. As to the future, he neither feared much nor hoped much, but was, unconsciously, supported by a general trust in the goodness and the greatness of the God who had made him what he was. "It is nearly done now, Marie," he said to Madame Goesler one evening. She only pressed his hand in answer. His condition was too well understood between them to allow of her speaking to him of any possible recovery. "It has been a great comfort to me that I have known you," he said.

"Oh no!"

"A great comfort; only I wish it had been sooner. I could have talked to you about things which I never did talk of to any one. I wonder why I should have been a duke, and another man a servant."

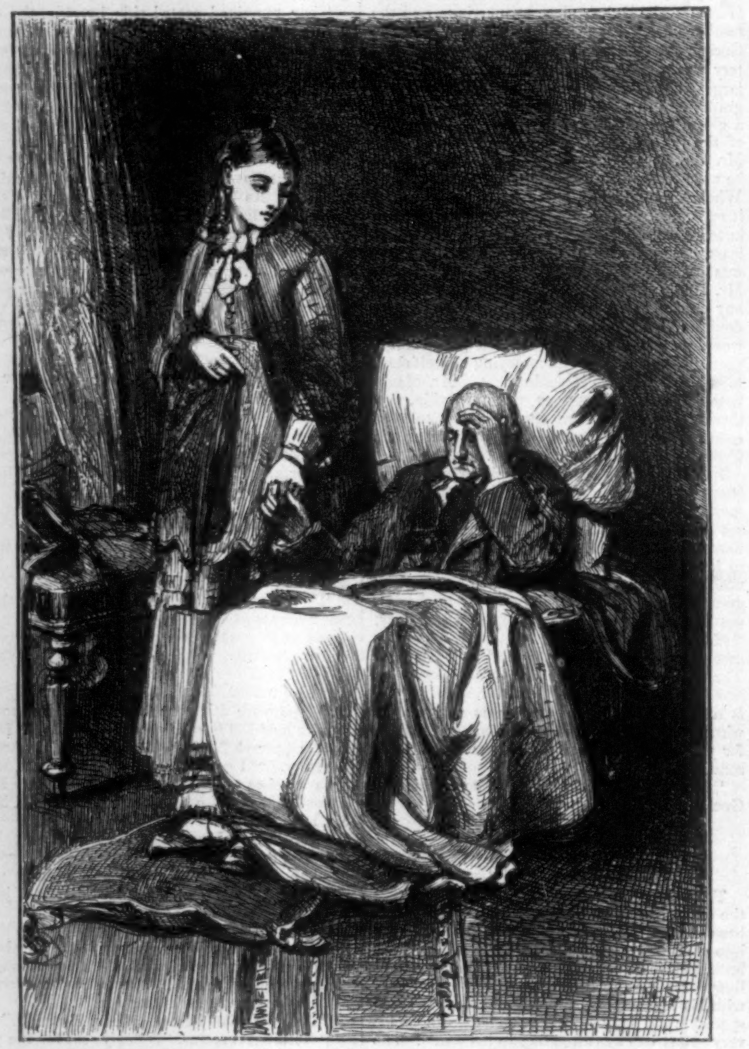
"God Almighty ordained such difference."

"I'm afraid I have not done it well; but I have tried—indeed I have tried." Then she told him he had ever lived as a great nobleman ought to live. And, after a fashion, she herself believed what she was saying. Nevertheless, her nature was much nobler than his; and she knew that no man should dare to live idly as the Duke had lived.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DUKE'S WILL.

On the ninth day after Madame Goesler's arrival the Duke died, and Lady Glencora Palliser became Duchess of Omnium. But the change probably was much greater to Mr. Palliser than to his wife. It would seem to be impossible to imagine a greater change than had come upon him. As to rank, he was raised from that of a simple commoner to the very top of the tree. He was made master of almost unlimited wealth, garters, and lord-lieutenancies; and all the added grandeurs which come from high influence when joined to high rank were sure to be his. But he was no more moved by these things than would have been a god or a block of wood. His uncle was dead; but his uncle had been an old man, and his grief on that score was moderate. As soon as his uncle's body had been laid in the family vault at Gatherum men would call him Duke of Omnium; and then he could never sit again in the House of Commons. It was in that light, and in that light only, that he regarded the matter. To his uncle it had been every thing to be Duke of Omnium. To Plantagenet Palliser it was less than nothing. He had lived among men and women with titles all his life, himself untitled, but regarded by them as one of themselves, till the thing, in his estimation, had come to seem almost nothing. One man walked out of a room before another man; and he, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had, during a part of his career, walked out of most rooms before most men. But he cared not at all whether he walked out first or last—and for him there was nothing else in it. It was a toy that would perhaps please his wife, but he doubted even whether she would not cease to be Lady Glencora with regret. In himself this thing that had happened had absolutely crushed him. He had won for himself by his own aptitudes and his own industry one special position in the empire, and that position, and that alone, was incompatible with the rank which he was obliged to assume! His case was very hard, and he felt it; but he made no complaint to human ears. "I suppose you must give up the Exchequer," his wife said to him. He shook his head, and made no reply. Even to her he could not explain his feelings.



"HE LAY BACK A WHILE IN SILENCE, STILL HOLDING HER BY THE OTHER HAND."

I think, too, that she did regret the change in her name, though she was by no means indifferent to the rank. As Lady Glencora she had made a reputation which might very possibly fall away from her as Duchess of Omnium. Fame is a skittish jade, more fickle even than Fortune, and apt to shy and bolt and plunge away on very trifling causes. As Lady Glencora Palliser she was known to every one, and had always done exactly as she had pleased. The world in which she lived had submitted to her fantasies, and had placed her on a pedestal from which, as Lady Glencora, nothing could have moved her. She was by no means sure that the same pedestal would be able to carry the Duchess of Omnium. She must begin again, and such beginnings are dangerous. As Lady Glencora she had almost taken upon herself to create a rivalry in society to certain very distinguished, and indeed illustrious, people. There were only two houses in London, she used to say, to which she never went. The never was not quite true—but there had been something in it. She doubted whether as Duchess of Omnium she could go on with this. She must lay down her mischief, and abandon her eccentricity, and in some degree act like other duchesses. "The poor old man," she said to Madame Goesler; "I wish he could have gone on living a little longer." At this time the two ladies were alone together at Matching. Mr. Palliser, with the cousins, had gone to Gatherum, whither also had been sent all that remained of the late Duke, in order that fitting funeral obsequies might be celebrated over the great family vault.

"He would hardly have wished it himself, I think."

"One never knows; and as far as one can look into futurity, one has no idea what would be one's own feelings. I suppose he did enjoy life."

"Hardly, for the last twelve months," said Madame Goesler.

"I think he did. He was happy when you were about him, and he interested himself about things. Do you remember how much he used to think of Lady Eustace and her diamonds? When I first knew him he was too magnificent to care about any thing."

"I suppose his nature was the same."

"Yes, my dear, his nature was the same, but he was strong enough to restrain his nature, and wise enough to know that his magnificence was incompatible with ordinary interests. As he got to be older he broke down, and took up with mere mortal gossip. But I think it must have made him happier."

"He showed his weakness in coming to me," said Madame Goesler, laughing.

"Of course he did—not in liking your society, but in wanting to give you his name. I have often wondered what kind of things he used to say to that old Lady Hartletop. That was in his full grandeur, and he never condescended to speak much then. I used to think him so hard; but I suppose he was only acting his part. I used to call him the Grand Lama to Plantagenet when we were first married—before Planty was born. I shall always call him Silverbridge now instead of Planty."

"I would let others do that."

"Of course I was joking; but others will, and he will be spoiled. I wonder whether he will live to be a Grand Lama or a popular Minister. There can not be two positions further apart. My husband no doubt thinks a good deal of himself as a statesman and a clever politician—at least I suppose he does—but he has not the slightest reverence for himself as a nobleman. If the dear old Duke were hobbling along Piccadilly, he was conscious that Piccadilly was graced by his presence, and never moved without being aware that people looked at him, and whispered to each other, There goes the Duke of Omnium. Plantagenet considers himself inferior to a sweeper while on the crossing, and never feels any pride of place unless he is sitting on the Treasury Bench with his hat over his eyes."

"He'll never sit on the Treasury Bench again."

"No, poor dear. He's an Othello now with a vengeance, for his occupation is gone. I spoke to him about your friend and the foxes, and he told me to write to Mr. Fothergill. I will as soon as it's decent. I fancy a new duchess shouldn't write letters about foxes till the old Duke is buried. I wonder what sort of a will he'll have made. There's nothing I care twopence for except his pearls. No man in England had such a collection of precious stones. They'd been yours, my dear, if you had consented to be Mrs. O."

The Duke was buried, and the will was read, and Plantagenet Palliser was addressed as Duke of Omnium by all the tenantry and retainers of the family in the great hall of Gatherum Castle. Mr. Fothergill, who had upon occasion in former days been driven by his duty to remonstrate with the heir, was all submission. Planty Pall had come to the throne, and half a county was ready to worship him. But he did not know how to endure worship, and the half county declared that he was stern and proud, and more haughty even than his uncle. At every "Grace" that was flung at him he winced and was miserable, and declared to himself that he should never become accustomed to his new life. So he sat all alone, and meditated how he might best reconcile the forty-eight farthings which go to a shilling with that thorough-going useful decimal, fifty.

But his meditations did not prevent him from writing to his wife, and on the following morning Lady Glencora—as she shall be called now for the last time—received a letter from him which disturbed her a good deal. She was in her room when it was brought to her, and for an hour after reading it hardly knew how to see her guest and friend, Madame Goesler. The passage in the letter which produced this dismay was as follows: "He has left to Madame Goesler twenty thousand pounds, and all his jewels. The money may be very well; but I think he has been wrong about the jewelry. As to myself, I do not care a straw, but you will be sorry; and then people will talk. The lawyers will, of course, write to her; but I suppose you had better tell her. They seem to think that the stones are worth a great deal of money; but I have long learned never to believe any statement that is made to me. They are all here, and I suppose she will have to send some authorized person to have them packed. There is a regular inventory, of which a copy shall be sent to her by post as soon as it can be prepared." Now it must be owned that the Duchess did begrudge her friend the Duke's collection of pearls and diamonds.

About noon they met. "My dear," she said, "you had better hear your good fortune at once. Read that—just that side. Plantagenet is wrong in saying that I shall regret it. I don't care a bit about it. If I want a ring or a brooch, he can buy me one. But I never did care about such things, and I don't now. The money is all just as it should be." Madame Goesler read the passage, and the blood mounted up into her face. She read it very slowly, and when she had finished reading it she was for a moment or two at a loss for words to express herself. "You had better send one of Garnett's people," said the Duchess, naming the house of a distinguished jeweler and goldsmith in London.

"It will hardly need," said Madame Goesler.

"You had better be careful. There is no knowing what they are worth. He spent half his income on them, I believe, during part of his life." There was a roughness about the Duchess of which she was herself conscious, but which she could not restrain, though she knew that it betrayed her chagrin.

Madame Goesler came gently up to her, and touched her hand caressingly. "Do you remember," said Madame Goesler, "a small ring with a black diamond—I suppose it was a diamond—which he always wore?"

"I remember that he always did wear such a ring."

"I should like to have that," said Madame Goesler.

"You have them all—every thing. He makes no distinction."

"I should like to have that, Lady Glen—for the sake of the hand that wore it. But, as God is great above us, I will never take aught else that has belonged to the Duke."

"Not take them!"

"Not a gem; not a stone; not a shilling."

"But you must."

"I rather think that I can be under no such obligation," she said, laughing. "Will you write to Mr. Palliser—or, I should say, to the Duke—to-night, and tell him that my mind is absolutely made up?"

"I certainly shall not do that."

"Then I must. As it is, I shall have pleasant memories of his Grace. According to my ability I have endeavored to be good to him, and I have no stain on my conscience because of his friendship. If I took his money and his jewels—or rather your money and your jewels—do you think I could say as much?"

"Every body takes what any body leaves them by will."

"I will be an exception to the rule, Lady Glen. Don't you think that your friendship is more to me than all the diamonds in London?"

"You shall have both, my dear," said the Duchess, quite in earnest in her promise. Madame Goesler shook her head. "Nobody ever repudiates legacies. The Queen would take the jewels if they were left to her."

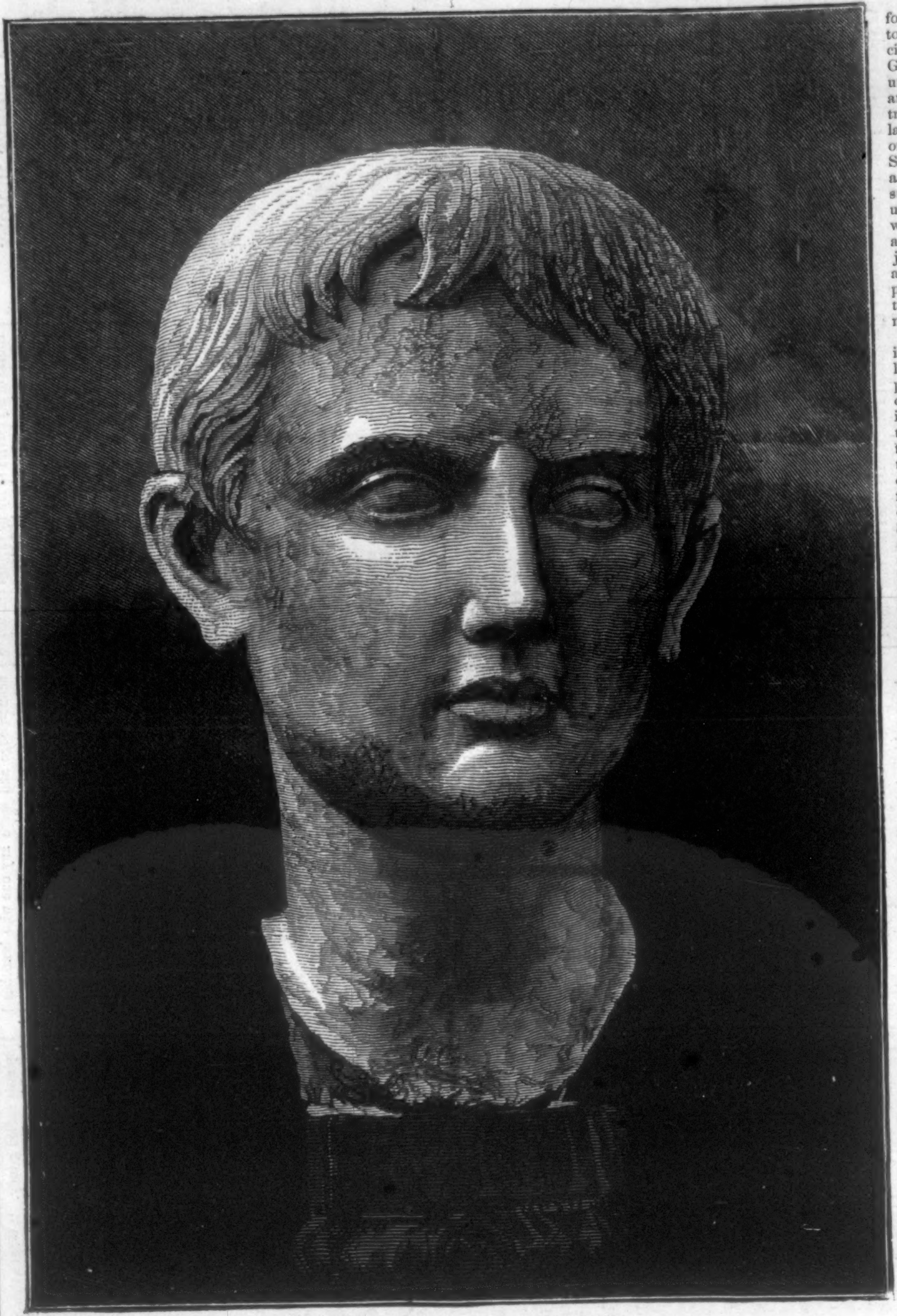
"I am not the Queen. I have to be more careful what I do than any queen. I will take nothing under the Duke's will. I will ask a boon which I have already named, and if it be given me as a gift by the Duke's heir I will wear it till I die. You will write to Mr. Palliser?"

"I couldn't do it," said the Duchess.

"Then I will write myself." And she did write, and of all the rich things which the Duke of Omnium had left to her she took nothing but the little ring with the black stone which he had always worn on his finger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

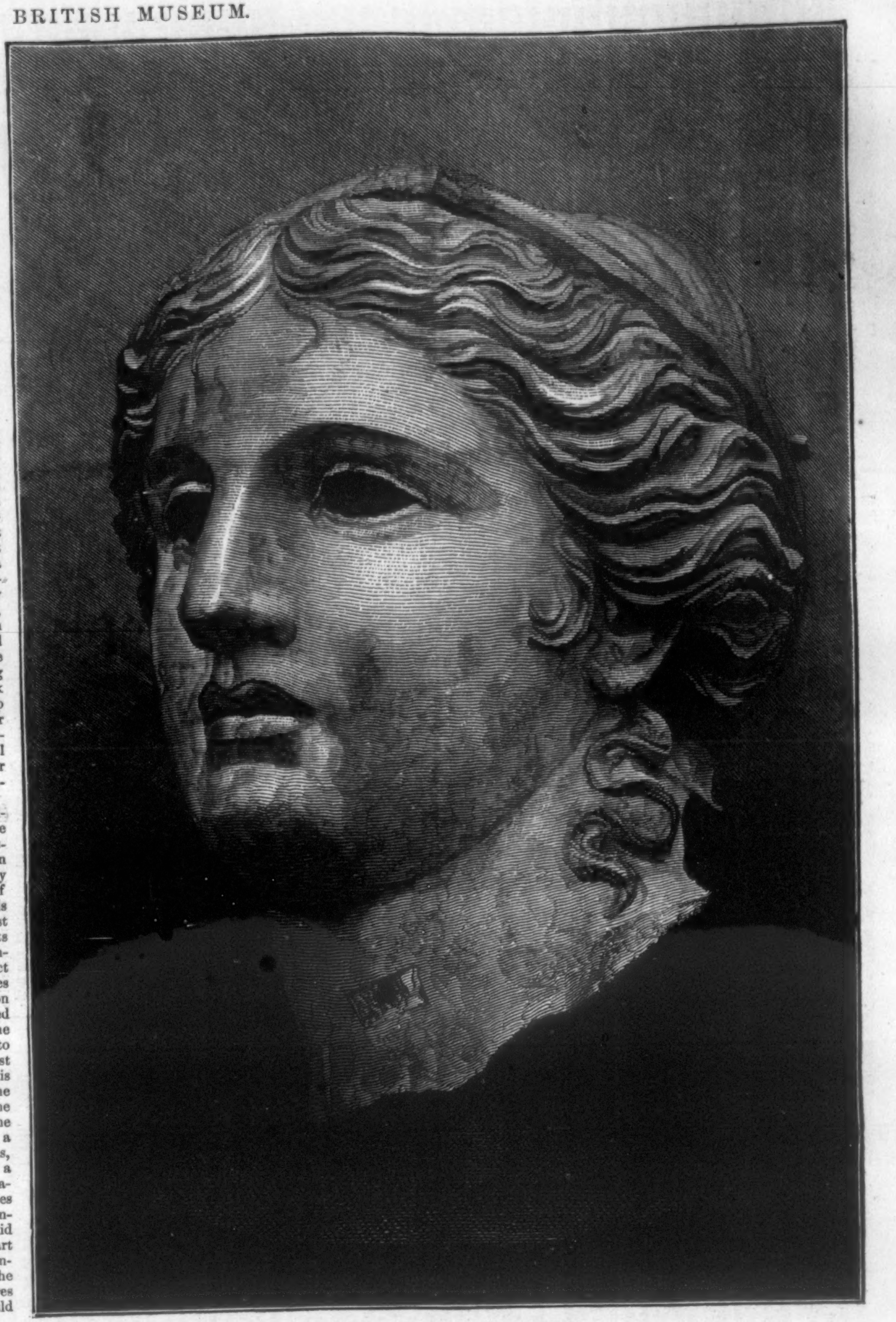


MARBLE HEAD OF YOUNG AUGUSTUS.

THE name of Signor CASTELLANI has for years past been familiar to all visitors to Rome, and to all connoisseurs of ancient art. As a dealer and collector of Greek and Roman antiquities he stood unrivaled, and through his cultivation and his enthusiasm he has elevated a trade to the dignity of a refined and scholastic pursuit. About two years ago Signor CASTELLANI, whose excavations in Southern Italy—a region which was once a greater Greece—has been singularly successful, offered to the British Museum the custody of the masterpieces which his labors had brought to light, and in the course of the same season the jewelry and gold ornaments, which were at that time the most attractive and unique part of the collection, were purchased for the nation with the applause of Parliament and the public.

Encouraged by this intelligent liberality, Signor CASTELLANI has since enlarged the original collection, by the deposit in the same halls of other treasures of a still higher value than the gems, and in the month of April last the trustees of the Museum recommended the Lords of the Treasury to purchase for rather more than £27,000 this magnificent collection of antiquities. For a comparatively trifling sum—equal, for example, to the cost of a course of experimental gunnery at Shoeburyness—England has obtained a collection of specimens of ancient art unsurpassed and unsurpassable in beauty and form. It consists chiefly of bronzes, marbles, *pateræ*, Etruscan vases, with many small objects in metal, ivory, and amber. Among the most precious of these may be mentioned an Umbrian drinking cup, fashioned in the shape of a sphinx with human face, and crowned by a cap of scarlet and gold; a bronze *strigil*, or bath-scraper, a perfect gem of workmanship; several Etruscan vases of very novel design; and a bear in bronze no bigger than a match-box, but modeled with inimitable fidelity and spirit.

But the principal treasure in this collection is the bronze head, supposed to be Aphrodite, which was found in Thessaly, and which is valued, separately from the collection, at £10,000. Yet it is only a fragment, with ten pounds weight of metal in it. The back part of the head is gone, the throat is torn away at the first curve of the shoulder, and the eye sockets are empty; but the front view is quite unimpaired, the nose and mouth are perfect and uninjured. Between the two sides of the face there is a curious deviation from symmetry, which has been attributed to the wrench which has once torn the statue, although bronze is not liable to give way and bulge in this fashion. Most of the critics have highly praised this head, attributing it to the age of the Parthenon and Pœcile, the period of the purest and noblest Athenian art. The CASTELLANI collection also contains a first-rate series of Roman imperial busts, one of the most important of which is a young AUGUSTUS, in singular preservation, perhaps the best extant. Besides these exquisite specimens of ancient genius and skill, there are in this splendid collection many precious objects of art which will attract the attention of connoisseurs. As a whole, it is one of the finest gatherings of ancient treasures which has ever been made, and it would be impossible to overestimate its value.



BRONZE HEAD OF APHRODITE.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

HERE, where these low lush meadows lie,
We wandered in the summer weather,
When earth and air and arching sky
Blazed grandly, goldenly together.

And oft, in that same summer-time,
We sought and roamed these self-same meadows,
When evening brought the curfew chime,
And peopled field and fold with shadows.

I mind me of our last fond tryst:
The night was such a night as this is;
And standing here, breast-high in mist,
We sealed our parting vows with kisses.

Ah, trust misplaced! ah, last false kiss!
She with another mates to-morrow;
And now my uttermost of bliss
Is made my uttermost of sorrow.

I wrestle sore in bitterest strife,
For night draws round me dull and darkling,
And in my darkened sky of life
No single star of hope is sparkling.

(Continued from No. 873, page 839.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

GRAHAM VANE heard nothing for months from M. Renard, when one morning he received the letter I translate:

"MONSIEUR,—I am happy to inform you that I have at last obtained one piece of information which may lead to a more important discovery. When we parted after our fruitless research in Vienna, we had both concurred in the persuasion that, for some reason known only to the two ladies themselves, Madame Marigny and Madame Duval had exchanged names—that it was Madame Marigny who had deceased in the name of Madame Duval, and Madame Duval who survived in that of Marigny.

"It was clear to me that the *beau monsieur* who had visited the false Duval must have been cognizant of this exchange of name, and that if his name and whereabouts could be ascertained, he, in all probability, would know what had become of the lady who is the object of our research; and after the lapse of so many years he would probably have very slight motive to preserve that concealment of facts which might, no doubt, have been convenient at the time. The lover of the *soi-disant* Mademoiselle Duval was by such accounts as we could gain a man of some rank—very possibly a married man; and the *liaison*, in short, was one of those which, while they last, necessitate precautions and secrecy.

"Therefore, dismissing all attempts at further trace of the missing lady, I resolved to return to Vienna as soon as the business that recalled me to Paris was concluded, and devote myself exclusively to the search after the amorous and mysterious monsieur.

"I did not state this determination to you, because, possibly, I might be in error—or, if not in error, at least too sanguine in my expectations—and it is best to avoid disappointing an honorable client.

"One thing was clear, that at the time of the *soi-disant* Duval's decease the *beau monsieur* was at Vienna.

"It appeared also tolerably clear that when the lady friend of the deceased quitted Munich so privately, it was to Vienna she repaired, and from Vienna comes the letter demanding the certificates of Madame Duval's death. Pardon me if I remind you of all these circumstances, no doubt fresh in your recollection. I repeat them in order to justify the conclusions to which they led me.

"I could not, however, get permission to absent myself from Paris for the time I might require till the end of last April. I had meanwhile sought all private means of ascertaining what Frenchmen of rank and station were in that capital in the autumn of 1849. Among the list of the very few such messieurs I fixed upon one as the most likely to be the most mysterious Achille. Achille was, indeed, his *nom de baptême*.

"A man of intrigue—*à bonnes fortunes*—of lavish expenditure withal; very tenacious of his dignity, and avoiding any petty scandals by which it might be lowered; just the man who, in some passing affair of gallantry with a lady of doubtful repute, would never have signed his titular designation to a letter, and would have kept himself as much incognito as he could. But this man was dead—had been dead some years. He had not died at Vienna. Never visited that capital for some years before his death. He was then, and had long been, the *ami de la maison* of one of those *grandes dames* of whose intimacy *grands seigneurs* are not ashamed. They parade there the *bonnes fortunes* they conceal elsewhere. Monsieur and the *grande dame* were at Baden when the former died. Now, monsieur, a Don Juan of that stamp is pretty sure always to have a confidential Leporello. If I could find Leporello alive I might learn the secrets not to be exacted from a Don Juan defunct. I ascertained, in truth, both at Vienna, to which I first repaired in order to verify the *renseignements* I had obtained at Paris, and at Baden, to which I then bent my way, that this brilliant noble had a favorite valet who had lived with him from his youth—an Italian who had contrived in the course of his service to lay by savings enough to set up a hotel somewhere in Italy, supposed to be Pisa. To Pisa I repaired, but the man had left some years; his hotel had not prospered; he had left in debt. No one could say what had become of him. At last, after a long and tedious research, I found him installed as manager of a small hotel at Genoa—a pleasant fellow enough; and after friendly intercourse with him (of course I lodged at his hotel), I easily led him to talk of his earlier life and adventures, and especially of his former master, of whose splendid career in the army of '*La Belle Déesse*' he was not a little proud. It was not very easy to get him to the particular subject in question. In fact, the affair with the poor false Duval had been so brief and undistinguished an episode in his master's life that it was not without a strain of memory that he reached it.

"By little and little, however, in the course of two or three evenings, and by the aid of many flasks of Orviette or bottles of Lacrima (wines, monsieur, that I do not commend to any one who desires to keep his stomach sound and his secrets safe), I gathered these particulars:

"Our Don Juan, since the loss of a wife in the first year of marriage, had rarely visited Paris, where he had a domicile—his ancestral hôtel there he had sold.

"But happening to visit that capital of Europe a few months before we come to our dates at Aix-la-Chapelle, he made acquaintance with Madame Marigny, a natural daughter of high-placed parents, by whom, of course, she had never been acknowledged, but who had contrived that she should receive a good education at a convent; and on leaving it also contrived that an old soldier of fortune—which means an officer without fortune—who had served in Algiers with some distinction, should offer her his hand, and add the modest *dot* they assigned her to his yet more modest income. They contrived also that she should understand the offer must be accepted. Thus Mademoiselle '*Quelque Chose*' became Madame Marigny, and she, on her part, contrived that a year or so later she should be left a widow. After her marriage, of course, the parents washed their hands of her. They had done their duty. At the time Don Juan made this lady's acquaintance nothing could be said against her character; but the milliners and butchers had begun to imply that they would rather have her money than trust to her character. Don Juan fell in love with her, and satisfied the immediate claims of milliner and butcher, and when they quitted Paris it was agreed that they should meet later at Aix-la-Chapelle. But when he resorted to that sultry and, to my mind, unalluring spa, he was surprised by a line from her saying that she had changed her name of Marigny for that of Duval.

"'I recollect,' said Leporello, 'that two days afterward my master said to me, "Caution and secrecy. Don't mention my name at the house to which I may send you with any note for Madame Duval. I don't announce my name when I call. *La petite* Marigny has exchanged her name for that of Louise Duval; and I find that there is a Louise Duval here, her friend, who is niece to a relation of my own, and a terrible relation to quarrel with—a dead shot and unrivaled swordsman—Victor de Mauléon." My master was brave enough, but he enjoyed life, and he did not think *la petite* Marigny worth being killed for.'

"Leporello remembered very little of what followed. All he did remember is that Don Juan, when at Vienna, said to him one morning, looking less gay than usual, 'It is finished with *la petite* Marigny—she is no more.' Then he ordered his bath, wrote a note, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'Take this to Mademoiselle Celeste; not to be compared to *la petite* Marigny; but *la petite* Celeste is still alive.' Ah, monsieur! if only any man in France could be as proud of his ruler as that Italian was of my countryman! Alas! we Frenchmen are all made to command—or at least we think ourselves so—and we are insulted by one who says to us, 'Serve and obey.' Nowadays, in France, we find all Don Juans and no Leporellos.

"After strenuous exertions upon my part to recall to Leporello's mind the important question whether he had ever seen the true Duval, passing under the name of Marigny—whether she had not presented herself to his master at Vienna or elsewhere—he rubbed his forehead, and drew from it these reminiscences:

"'On the day that his Excellency' (Leporello generally so styled his master—'Excellency,' as you are aware, is the title an Italian would give to Satan if taking his wages) 'told me that *la petite* Marigny was no more he had received previously a lady veiled and mantled, whom I did not recognize as any one I had seen before, but I noticed her way of carrying herself—haughtily—her head thrown back; and I thought to myself, that lady is one of his *grandes dames*. She did call again two or three times, never announcing her name; then she did not re-appear. She might be Madame Duval—I can't say.'

"'But did you never hear his Excellency speak of the real Duval after that time?'

"'No—*non mi ricordo*—I don't remember.'

"'Nor of some living Madame Marigny, though the real one was dead?'

"'Stop—I do recollect; not that he ever named such a person to me, but that I have posted letters for him to a Madame Marigny—oh yes—even years after the said *petite* Marigny was dead; and once I did venture to say, "Pardon me, Eccellenza, but may I ask if that poor lady is really dead, since I have to prepay this letter to her?" "Oh!" said he, "Madame Marigny! Of course the one you know is dead, but there are others of the same name; this lady is of my family. Indeed, her house, though noble in itself, recognizes the representative of mine as its head, and I am too *bon prince* not to acknowledge and serve any one who branches out of my own tree."'

"A day after this last conversation on the subject Leporello said to me, 'My friend, you certainly have some interest in ascertaining what became of the lady who took the name of Marigny' (I state this frankly, monsieur, to show how difficult even for one so prudent as I am to beat about a bush long but what you let people know the sort of bird you are in search of).

"'Well,' said I, 'she does interest me. I knew something of that Victor de Mauléon, whom his Excellency did not wish to quarrel with, and it would be a kindly act to her relation if one could learn what became of Louise Duval.'

"'I can put you on the way of learning all that his Excellency was likely to have known of her through correspondence. I have often heard him quote, with praise, a saying so clever that it might have been Italian, "Never write, never burn"—that is, never commit yourself by a letter—keep all letters that could put others in your power. All the letters he received were carefully kept and labeled. I sent them to his son in four large trunks. His son, no doubt, has them still.'

"Now, however, I have exhausted my budget. I arrived at Paris last night. I strongly advise you to come hither at once, if you still desire to prosecute your search.

"You, monsieur, can do what I could not venture to do; you can ask the son of Don Juan if amidst the correspondence of his father, which he may have preserved, there be any signed Marigny or Duval—any, in short, which can throw light on this very obscure complication of circumstances. A grand seigneur would naturally be more complaisant to a man of your station than he would be to an agent of police. Don Juan's son, inheriting his father's title, is Monsieur le Marquis de Rochebriant. And permit me to add that at this moment, as the journals doubtless inform you, all Paris resounds with the rumor of coming war, and Monsieur de Rochebriant, who is, as I have ascertained, now in Paris, it may be difficult to find any where on earth a month or two hence. I have the honor, with profound consideration, etc., etc.,

"I. RENARD."

The day after the receipt of this letter Graham Vane was in Paris.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG things indescribable is that which is called "Agitation" in Paris—"Agitation" without riot or violence—showing itself by no disorderly act, no turbulent outburst. Perhaps the cafés are more crowded; passengers in the streets stop each other more often, and converse in small knots and groups; yet, on the whole, there is little externally to show how loudly the heart of Paris is beating. A traveler may be passing through quiet landscapes, unconscious that a great battle is going on some miles off, but if he will stop and put his ear to the ground he will recognize, by a certain indescribable vibration, the voice of the cannon.

But at Paris an acute observer need not stop and put his ear to the ground; he feels within himself a vibration—a mysterious inward sympathy which communicates to the individual a conscious thrill—when the passions of the multitude are stirred, no matter how silently.

Tortoni's café was thronged when Duplessis and Frederic Lemercier entered it. It was in vain to order breakfast; no table was vacant either within the rooms or under the awnings without.

But they could not retreat so quickly as they had entered. On catching sight of the financier several men rose and gathered round him, eagerly questioning:

"What do you think, Duplessis? Will any insult to France put a drop of warm blood into the frigid veins of that miserable Ollivier?"

"It is not yet clear that France has been insulted, messieurs," replied Duplessis, phlegmatically.

"Bah! Not insulted! The very nomination of a Hohenzollern to the crown of Spain was an insult. What would you have more?"

"I tell you what it is, Duplessis," said the Vicomte de Brézé, whose habitual light good temper seemed exchanged for insolent swagger—"I tell you what it is: your friend, the Emperor, has no more courage than a chicken. He is grown old and infirm and lazy; he knows that he can't even mount on horseback. But if, before this day week, he has not declared war on the Prussians, he will be lucky if he can get off as quietly as poor Louis Philippe did under shelter of his umbrella, and ticketed 'Schmidt.' Or could you not, M. Duplessis, send him back to London in a bill of exchange?"

"For a man of your literary repute, M. le Vicomte," said Duplessis, "you indulge in a strange profusion of metaphors. But, pardon me, I came here to breakfast, and I can not remain to quarrel. Come, Lemercier, let us take our chance of a cutlet at the *Trois Frères*."

"Fox! Fox!" cried Lemercier, whistling to a poodle that had followed him into the café, and, frightened by the sudden movement and loud voices of the *habitués*, had taken refuge under the table.

"Your dog is *poltron*," said De Brézé; "call him Nap."

At this stroke of humor there was a general laugh, in the midst of which Duplessis escaped, and Frederic, having discovered and caught his dog, followed with that animal tenderly clasped in his arms.

"I would not lose Fox for a great deal," said Lemercier, with effusion; "a pledge of love and fidelity from an English lady the most distinguished. The lady left me—the dog remains."

Duplessis smiled grimly. "What a thorough-bred Parisian you are, my dear Frederic. I believe if the trump of the last angel were sounding, the Parisians would be divided into two sets: one would be singing the *Marseillaise*, and parading the red flag; the other would be shrugging their shoulders, and saying, 'Bah! as if *le Bon Dieu* would have the bad taste to injure Paris—the Seat of the Graces, the School of the Arts, the Fountain of Reason, the Eye of the World;' and so be found by the destroying angel caressing poodles and making *bons mots* about *les femmes*."

"And quite right too," said Lemercier, complacently. "What other people in the world could retain lightness of heart under circumstances so unpleasant? But why do you take things so solemnly? Of course there will be war—idle now to talk of explanations and excuses. When a Frenchman says, 'I am insulted,' he is not going to be told that he is not insulted. He means fighting and not apologizing. But what if there be war? Our brave soldiers beat the Prussians—take the Rhine—return to Paris covered with laurels—a new *Boulevard de Berlin* eclipses the Boulevard Sebastopol. By-the-way, Duplessis, a Boulevard de Berlin will be a good speculation—better than the Rue de Louvier. Ah! is not that my English friend, Grarm-Varn?" Here quitting the arm of Duplessis, Lemercier stopped a gentleman who was about to pass him unnoticing. "*Bonjour, mon ami*, how long have you been at Paris?"

"I only arrived last evening," answered Graham, "and my stay may be so short that it is a piece of good luck, my dear Lemercier, to meet with you, and exchange a cordial shake of the hand."

"We are just going to breakfast at the *Trois Frères*—Duplessis and I. Pray join us."

"With great pleasure.—Ah! Monsieur Duplessis, I shall be glad to hear from you that the Emperor will be firm enough to check the advances of that martial fever which, to judge by the persons I meet, seems to threaten delirium."

Duplessis looked very keenly at Graham's face as he replied, slowly: "The English, at least, ought to know that when the Emperor by his last reforms resigned his personal authority for constitutional monarchy, it ceased to be a question whether he could or could not be firm in matters that belonged to the Cabinet and the Chambers. I presume that if Monsieur Gladstone advised Queen Victoria to declare war upon the Emperor of Russia, backed by a vast majority in Parliament, you would think me very ignorant of constitutional monarchy and Parliamentary government if I said, 'I hope Queen Victoria will resist that martial fever.'"

"You rebuke me very fairly, M. Duplessis, if you can show me that the two cases are analogous; but we do not understand in England that, despite his last reforms, the Emperor has so abnegated his individual ascendency that his will, clearly and resolutely expressed, would not prevail in his Council and silence opposition in the Chambers. Is it so? I ask for information."

The three men were walking on toward the Palais Royal side by side while this conversation proceeded.

"That all depends," replied Duplessis, "upon what may be the increase of popular excitement at Paris. If it slackens, the Emperor, no doubt, could turn to wise account that favorable pause in the fever. But if it continues to swell, and Paris cries, 'War,' in a voice as loud as it cried to Louis Philippe, 'Revolution,' do you think that the Emperor could impose on his ministers the wisdom of peace? His ministers would be too terrified by the clamor to undertake the responsibility of opposing it—they would resign. Where is the Emperor to find another Cabinet?—a peace Cabinet? What and who are the orators for peace? What a handful! Who? Gambetta, Jules Favre, avowed Republicans. Would they even accept the post of ministers to Louis Napoleon? If they did, would not their first step be the abolition of the empire? Napoleon is, therefore, so far a constitutional monarch in the same sense as Queen Victoria that the popular will in the country (and in France in such matters Paris is the country) controls the Chambers, controls the Cabinet; and against the Cabinet the Emperor could not contend. I say nothing of the army—a power in France unknown to you in England, which would certainly fraternize with no peace party. If war is proclaimed, let England blame it if she will—she can't lament it more than I should—but let England blame the nation; let her blame, if she please, the form of the government which rests upon popular suffrage, but do not let her blame our sovereign more than the French would blame her own, if compelled by the conditions on which she holds her crown to sign a declaration of war which vast majorities in a Parliament just elected, and a council of ministers whom she could not practically replace, enforced upon her will."

"Your observations, M. Duplessis, impress me strongly, and add to the deep anxieties with which, in common with all my countrymen, I regard the menacing aspect of the present hour. Let us hope the best. Our government, I know, is exerting itself to the utmost verge of its power to remove every just ground of offense that the unfortunate nomination of a German prince to the Spanish throne could not fail to have given to French statesmen."

"I am glad you concede that such a nomination was a just ground of offense," said Lemercier, rather bitterly, "for I have met Englishmen who asserted that France had no right to resent any choice of a sovereign that Spain might make."

"Englishmen in general are not very reflective politicians in foreign affairs," said Graham; "but those who are must see that France could not, without alarm the most justifiable, contemplate a cordon of hostile states being drawn around her on all sides—Germany, in itself so formidable since the field of Sadowa, on the east; a German prince in the southwest; the not improbable alliance between Prussia and the Italian kingdom, already so alienated from the France to which it owed so much. If England would be uneasy were a great maritime power possessed of Antwerp, how much more uneasy might France justly be if Prussia could add the armies of Spain to those of Germany, and launch them both upon France? But that cause of alarm is over—the Hohenzollern is withdrawn. Let us hope for the best."

The three men had now seated themselves at a table in the *Trois Frères*, and Lemercier volunteered the task of inspecting the *menu* and ordering the repast, still keeping guard on Fox.

"Observe that man," said Duplessis, pointing toward a gentleman who had just entered; "the other day he was the popular hero—now, in the excitement of threatened war, he is permitted to order his *bifteck* uncongratulated, uncaressed. Such is fame at Paris!—here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"How did the man become famous?"

"He is a painter, and refused a decoration—the only French painter who ever did."

"And why refuse?"

"Because he is more stared at as the man who refused than he would have been as the man who accepted. If ever the Red Republicans have their day, those among them most certain of human condemnation will be the coxcombs who have gone mad from the desire of human applause."

"You are a profound philosopher, M. Duplessis."

"I hope not; I have an especial contempt for philosophers. Pardon me a moment—I see a man to whom I would say a word or two."

Duplessis crossed over to another table to speak to a middle-aged man of somewhat remarkable countenance, with the red ribbon in his button-hole, in whom Graham recognized an ex-minister of the Emperor, differing from most of those at that day in his Cabinet, in the reputation of being loyal to his master and courageous against a mob.

Left thus alone with Lemercier, Graham said: "Pray tell me where I can find your friend the Marquis de Rochebriant. I called at his apartment this morning, and I was told that he had gone on some visit into the country, taking his valet, and the *concierge* could not give me his address. I thought myself so lucky on meeting with you who are sure to know."

"No, I do not; it is some days since I saw Alain. But Duplessis will be sure to know." Here the financier rejoined them.

"*Mon cher*, Grarm-Varn wants to know for what Sabine shades Rochebriant has deserted the '*fumum opes strepitumque*' of the capital."

"Ah! the Marquis is a friend of yours, monsieur?"

"I can scarcely boast that honor, but he is an acquaintance whom I should be very glad to see again."

"At this moment he is at the Duchesse de Tarascon's country-house near Fontainebleau; I had a hurried line from him two days ago stating that he was going there on her urgent invitation. But he may return to-morrow; at all events, he dines with me on the 8th, and I shall be charmed if you will do me the honor to meet him at my house."

"It is an invitation too agreeable to refuse, and I thank you very much for it."

Nothing worth recording passed further in conversation between Graham and the two Frenchmen. He left them smoking their cigars in the garden, and walked homeward by the Rue di Rivoli. As he was passing beside the *Magasin du Louvre* he stopped and made way for a lady crossing quickly out of the shop toward her carriage at the door. Glancing at him with a slight inclination of her head, in acknowledgment of his courtesy, the lady recognized his features.

"Ah, Mr. Vane!" she cried, almost joyfully, "you are, then, at Paris, though you have not come to see me."

"I only arrived last night, dear Mrs. Morley," said Graham, rather embarrassed, "and only on some matters of business which unexpectedly summoned me. My stay will probably be very short."

"In that case let me rob you of a few minutes—no, not rob you even of them; I can take you wherever you want to go, and as my carriage moves more quickly than you do on foot, I shall save you the minutes instead of robbing you of them."

"You are most kind, but I was only going to my hotel, which is close by."

"Then you have no excuse for not taking a short drive with me in the *Champs Elysées*. Come."

Thus bidden, Graham could not civilly disobey. He handed the fair American into her carriage, and seated himself by her side.

CHAPTER III.

"MR. VANE, I feel as if I had many apologies to make for the interest in your life which my letter to you so indiscreetly betrayed."

"Oh, Mrs. Morley! you can not guess how deeply that interest touched me."

"I should not have presumed so far," continued Mrs. Morley, unheeding the interruption, "if I had not been altogether in error as to the nature of your sentiments in a certain quarter. In this you must blame my American rearing. With us there are many flirtations between boys and girls which come to nothing; but when in my country a man like you meets with a woman like Mademoiselle Cicogna there can not be flirtation. His attentions, his looks, his manner, reveal to the eyes of those who care enough for him to watch, one of two things—either he coldly admires and esteems, or he loves with his whole heart and soul, a woman worthy to inspire such a love. Well, I did watch, and I was absurdly mistaken. I imagined that I saw love, and rejoiced for the sake of both of you to think so. I know that in all countries, our own as well as yours, love is so morbidly sensitive and jealous that it is always apt to invent imaginary foes to itself. Esteem and admiration never do that. I thought that some misunderstanding, easily removed by the intervention of a third person, might have impeded the impulse of two hearts toward each other, and so I wrote. I had assumed that you loved—I am humbled to the last degree—you only admired and esteemed."

"Your irony is very keen, Mrs. Morley, and to you it may seem very just."

"Don't call me Mrs. Morley in that haughty tone of voice. Can't you talk to me as you would talk to a friend? You only esteemed and admired—there is an end of it."

"No, there is not an end of it," cried Graham, giving way to an impetuosity of passion which rarely, indeed, before another escaped his self-control; "the end of it to me is a life out of which is ever stricken such love as I could feel for woman. To me true love can only come once. It came with my first look on that fatal face; it has never left me in thought by day, in dreams by night. The end of it to me is farewell to all such happiness as the one love of a life can promise; but—"

"But what?" asked Mrs. Morley, softly, and very much moved by the passionate earnestness of Graham's voice and words.

"But," he continued, with a forced smile, "we Englishmen are trained to the resistance of absolute authority; we can not submit all the elements that make up our being to the sway of a single despot. Love is the painter of existence; it should not be its sculptor."

"I don't understand the metaphor."

"Love colors our life; it should not chisel its form."

"My dear Mr. Vane, that is very cleverly said, but the human heart is too large and too restless to be quietly packed up in an aphorism. Do you mean to tell me that if you found you had destroyed Isaura Cicogna's happiness as well as resigned your own, that thought would not somewhat deform the very shape you would give to your life? Is it color alone that your life would lose?"

"Ah, Mrs. Morley, do not lower your friend into an ordinary girl in whom idleness exaggerates the strength of any fancy over which it dreamily broods. Isaura Cicogna has her occupations—her genius—her fame—her career. Honestly speaking, I think that in these she will find a happiness that no quiet hearth could bestow. I will say no more. I feel persuaded that were we two united I could not make her happy. With the irresistible impulse that urges the genius of the writer toward its vent in public sympathy and applause, she would chafe if I said, 'Be content to be wholly mine.' And if I said it not, and felt I had no right to say it, and allowed the full scope to her natural ambition, what then? She would chafe yet more to find that I had no fellowship in her aims and ends—that where I should feel pride I felt humiliation. It would be so; I can not help it; 'tis my nature."

"So be it, then. When next year, perhaps, you visit Paris, you will be safe from my officious interference—Isaura will be the wife of another."

Graham pressed his hand to his heart with the sudden movement of one who feels there an agonizing spasm. His cheeks, his very lips, were bloodless.

"I told you," he said, bitterly, "that your fears of my influence over the happiness of one so gifted, and so strong in such gifts, were groundless; you allow that I should be very soon forgotten?"

"I allow no such thing; I wish I could. But do you know so little of a woman's heart (and in matters of heart I never yet heard that genius had a talisman against emotion)—do you know so little of a woman's heart as not to know that the very moment in which she may accept a marriage the least fitted to render her happy is that in which she lost all hope of happiness in another?"

"Is it indeed so?" murmured Graham. "Ay, I can conceive it."

"And have you so little comprehension of the necessities which that fame, that career to which you allow she is impelled by the instincts of genius, impose on this girl, young, beautiful, fatherless, motherless? No matter how pure her life, can she guard it from the slander of envious tongues? Will not all her truest friends—would not you, if you were her brother—press upon her by all the arguments that have most weight with the woman who asserts independence in her modes of life, and yet is wise enough to know that the world can only judge of virtue by its shadow—reputation—not to dispense with the protection which a husband can alone secure? And that is why I warn you, if it be yet time, that in resigning your own happiness you may destroy Isaura's. She will wed another, but she will not be happy. What a chimera of dread your egotism as man conjures up! Oh, forsooth! the qualities that charm and delight a world are to unfit a woman to be helpmate to a man. Fie on you!—fie!"

Whatever answer Graham might have made to these impassioned reproaches was here checked.

Two men on horseback stopped the carriage. One was Enguerrand de Vandemar, the other was the Algerine Colonel whom we met at the supper given at the *Maison Dorée* by Frederic Lemercier.

"*Pardon*, Madame Morley," said Enguerrand; "but there are symptoms of a mob epidemic a little further up; the fever began at Belleville, and is threatening the health of the *Champs Elysées*. Don't be alarmed—it may be nothing, though it may be much. In Paris one can never calculate an hour beforehand the exact progress of a politico-epidemic fever. At present I say, 'Bah! a pack of ragged boys, *gamins de Paris*;' but my friend the Colonel, twisting his *moustache en sourient amèrement*, says, 'It is the indignation of Paris at the apathy of the government under insult to the honor of France;' and Heaven only knows how rapidly French *gamins* grow into giants when colonels talk about the indignation of Paris and the honor of France!"

"But what has happened?" asked Mrs. Morley, turning to the Colonel.

"Madame," replied the warrior, "it is rumored that the King of Prussia has turned his back upon the embassador of France, and that the *pékin* who is for peace at any price—M. Ollivier—will say to-morrow in the Chamber that France submits to a slap in the face."

"Please, Monsieur de Vandemar, to tell my coachman to drive home," said Mrs. Morley.

The carriage turned and went homeward. The Colonel lifted his hat, and rode back to see what the *gamins* were about. Enguerrand, who had no interest in the *gamins*, and who looked on the Colonel as a bore, rode by the side of the carriage.

"Is there any thing serious in this?" asked Mrs. Morley.

"At this moment, nothing. What it may be this hour to-morrow I can not say. Ah, Monsieur Vane, *bonjour*—I did not recognize you at first. Once, in a visit at the château of one of your distinguished countrymen, I saw two game-cocks turned out facing each other: they needed no pretext for quarreling—neither do France and Prussia; no matter which game-cock gave the first offense, the two game-cocks must have it out. All that Ollivier can do, if he be wise, is to see that the French cock has his steel spurs as long as the Prussian's. But this I do say, that if Ollivier attempts to put the French cock back into its bag, the empire is gone in forty-eight hours. That to me is a trifle—I care nothing for the empire; but that which is not a trifle is anarchy and chaos. Better war and the empire than peace and Jules Favre. But let us seize the present hour, Mr. Vane; whatever happens to-morrow, shall we dine together to-day? Name your restaurant?"

"I am so grieved," answered Graham, rousing himself—"I am here only on business, and engaged all the evening."

"What a wonderful thing is this life of ours!" said Enguerrand. "The destiny of France at this moment hangs on a thread. I, a Frenchman, say to an English friend, 'Let us dine—a cutlet to-day and a fig for to-morrow;' and my English friend, distinguished native of a country with which we have the closest alliance, tells me that in this crisis of France he has business to attend to! My father is quite right; he accepts the Voltairean philosophy, and cries, *Vivent les indifférents!*"

"My dear M. de Vandemar," said Graham, "in every country you will find the same thing. All individuals massed together constitute public life. Each individual has a life of his own, the claims and the habits and the needs of which do not suppress his sympathies with public life, but imperiously overrule them. Mrs. Morley, permit me to pull the check-string; I get out here."

"I like that man," said Enguerrand, as he continued to ride by the fair American; "in language and *esprit* he is so French."

"I used to like him better than you can," answered Mrs. Morley; "but in prejudice and stupidity he is so English. As it seems you are disengaged, come and partake, *pot au feu*, with Frank and me."

"Charmed to do so," answered the cleverest and best bred of all Parisian *beaux garçons*, "but forgive me if I quit you soon. This poor France! *Entre nous*, I am very uneasy about the Parisian fever. I must run away after dinner to clubs and cafés to learn the last bulletins."

"We have nothing like that French Legitimist in the States," said the fair American to herself, "unless we should ever be so silly as to make Legitimists of the ruined gentlemen of the South."

Meanwhile Graham Vane went slowly back to his apartment. No false excuse had he made to Enguerrand: this evening was devoted to M. Renard, who told him little he had not known before; but his private life overruled his public, and all that night he, professed politician, thought sleeplessly, not over the crisis to France, which might alter the conditions of Europe, but the talk on his private life of that intermeddling American woman.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, Wednesday, July 6, commenced one of those eras in the world's history in which private life would vainly boast that it overrules Life Public. How many private lives does such a terrible time influence, absorb, darken with sorrow, crush into graves?

It was the day when the Duc de Gramont uttered the fatal speech which determined the die between peace and war. No one not at Paris on that day can conceive the popular enthusiasm with which that speech was hailed—the greater because the warlike tone of it was not anticipated—because there had been a rumor amidst circles the best informed that a speech of pacific moderation was to be the result of the Imperial Council. Rapturous indeed were the applauses with which the sentences that breathed haughty defiance were hailed by the Assembly. The ladies in the tribune rose with one accord, waving their handkerchiefs. Tall, stalwart, dark, with Roman features and lofty presence, the Minister of France seemed to say with Catiline in the fine tragedy, "Lo! where I stand I am war!"

Paris had been hungering for some hero of the hour—the Duc de Gramont became at once raised to that eminence.

All the journals, save the very few which were friendly to peace because hostile to the Emperor, resounded with praise not only of the speech, but of the speaker. It is with a melancholy sense of amusement that one recalls now to mind those organs of public opinion—with what romantic fondness they dwelt on the personal graces of the man who had at last given voice to the chivalry of France—"The charming gravity of his countenance—the mysterious expression of his eye!"

As the crowd poured from the Chambers, Victor de Mauléon and Savarin, who had been among the listeners, encountered.

"No chance for my friends the Orleanists now," said Savarin. "You who mock at all parties are, I suppose, at heart for the Republican—small chance, too, for that."

"I do not agree with you. Violent impulses have quick reactions."

"But what reaction could shake the Emperor after he returns a conqueror, bringing in his pocket the left bank of the Rhine?"

"None—when he does that. Will he do it? Does he himself think he will do it? I doubt—"

"Doubt the French army against the Prussian?"

"Against the German people united—yes, very much."

"But war will disunite the German people. Bavaria will surely assist us—Hanover will rise against the spoliator—Austria at our first successes must shake off her present enforced neutrality?"

"You have not been in Germany, and I have. What yesterday was a Prussian army to-morrow will be a German population, far exceeding our own in numbers, in hardihood of body, in cultivated intellect, in military discipline. But talk of something else. How is my ex-editor—poor Gustave Rameau?"

"Still very weak, but on the mend. You may have him back in his office soon."

"Impossible! even in his sick-bed his vanity was more vigorous than ever. He issued a war-song, which has gone the rounds of the war journals, signed by his own name. He must have known very well that the name of such a Tyrtæus can not reappear as the editor of *Le Sens Commun;* that in launching his little fire-brand he burned all vessels that could waft him back to the port he had quitted. But I dare say he has done well for his own interests; I doubt if *Le Sens Commun* can much longer hold its ground in the midst of the prevalent lunacy."

"What! it has lost its subscribers? Gone off in sale already, since it declared for peace?"

"Of course it has; and after the article which, if I live over to-night, will appear to-morrow, I should wonder if it sell enough to cover the cost of the print and paper."

"Martyr to principle! I revere, but I do not envy thee."

"Martyrdom is not my ambition. If Louis Napoleon be defeated, what then? Perhaps *he* may be the martyr; and the Favres and Gambettas may roast their own eggs on the gridiron they heat for his Majesty."

Here an English gentleman, who was the very able correspondent to a very eminent journal, and in that capacity had made acquaintance with De Mauléon, joined the two Frenchmen. Savarin, however, after an exchange of salutations, went his way.

"May I ask a frank answer to a somewhat rude question, M. le Vicomte?" said the Englishman. "Suppose that the Imperial Government had to-day given in their adhesion to the peace party, how long would it have been before their orators in the Chamber and their organs in the press would have said that France was governed by *poltrons?*"

"Probably for most of the twenty-four hours. But there are a few who are honest in their convictions; of that few I am one."

"And would have supported the Emperor and his government?"

"No, monsieur—I do not say that."

"Then the Emperor would have turned many friends into enemies, and no enemies into friends."

"Monsieur, you in England know that a party in opposition is not propitiated when the party in power steals its measures. Ha!—pardon me—who is that gentleman, evidently your countryman, whom I see yonder talking to the secretary of your Embassy?"

"He—Mr. Vane—Graham Vane. Do you not know him? He has been much in Paris—attached to our Embassy formerly; a clever man—much is expected from him."

"Ah! I think I have seen him before, but am not quite sure. Did you say Vane? I once knew a Monsieur Vane, a distinguished Parliamentary orator."

"That gentleman is his son. Would you like to be introduced to him?"

"Not to day; I am in some hurry." Here Victor lifted his hat in parting salutation, and, as he walked away, cast at Graham another glance, keen and scrutinizing. "I have seen that man before," he muttered. "Where?—when? Can it be only a family likeness to the father? No, the features are different; the profile is—ha!—Mr. Lamb. Mr. Lamb—but why call himself by that name?—why disguised?—what can he have to do with poor Louise? Bah!—these are not questions I can think of now. This war—this war. Can it yet be prevented? How it will prostrate all the plans my ambition so carefully schemed! Oh!—at least, if I were but in the *Chambre*. Perhaps I yet may be before the war is ended. The Clavignys have great interest in their department."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]